

THE CRITIC.

NOTICE.

A PORTFOLIO, on a convenient plan, for preserving the numbers of THE CRITIC, during the progress of the volumes, is now ready, and may be had at the Office, by order of any bookseller in the country, price 5s.

THE CRITIC will be supplied for Six Months, by post, to any person forwarding six shillings' worth of penny postage stamps to the Office.

TO AUTHORS.

THE CRITIC has adopted the novel and interesting plan of reviewing unpublished MSS., for the purpose of enabling authors unknown to fame to take the opinion of the public and of the booksellers upon the merits and probabilities of success for their works, previously to incurring the cost of publication. For this purpose, the following rules are to be observed.

The author is requested to make a brief outline of the contents of his work and transmit it to us, with the MS. (or such portions as he may deem to be fair specimens of it), from which we may select the extracts for our columns. All MSS. so submitted to us will be carefully preserved, and returned, as the author may direct, so soon as we have done with them.

It may be as well here to observe that religious and political treatises must be excluded from this portion of THE CRITIC.

NOTICE.—A Prospectus, containing a List of the Subscribers to THE CRITIC, will be ready on the 25th inst.; and we shall be obliged to booksellers and readers who feel an interest in its welfare, if they will circulate for us this magnificent roll of names, and endeavour to add to the number. All new subscribers from the date of the list will be regularly announced in THE CRITIC.

TO THE READERS OF THE CRITIC.

THE commencement of a new volume calls for some acknowledgment to those who have befriended THE CRITIC in its early struggles, as well as to the many new subscribers with whom it enters upon the second stage of its existence.

Enlarged in size, improved in shape, THE CRITIC appears before the public to-day—ESTABLISHED. It has secured for itself an acknowledged place among the periodicals of Great Britain; it is a recognized authority upon the subjects to which it is devoted; it has become an adopted organ of the various classes engaged in the creation and diffusion of literature and art. The author asks its independent judgment of his productions; the publishers resort to it as the medium for conveying to the dealer and the public a knowledge of their enterprises; the booksellers and circulating libraries have cordially united for the purpose of making THE CRITIC their guide and circular in all matters interesting to them; and the book-club and readers throughout the country have, as the printed List of Subscribers shews, so given their confidence to THE CRITIC, as to look to it for an honest account of the literature of the age, and as a faithful director in the choice of books for purchase and perusal.

VOL. II. No. 15.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. I. No. 1.

In earnest hope to maintain the high favour it has been fortunate enough to win, the many and great improvements have been adopted which this present number introduces to the subscribers.

It has been enlarged from sixteen to thirty-two pages, without any increase of price. But we should observe, that the standard size will be twenty-four pages, which will be increased to thirty-two pages whenever the press of matter requires it. We desire it to be understood that we engage only for twenty-four pages, being eight pages more than the former size; when it is extended to thirty-two pages, it will be by way of present to the subscribers. But we have little doubt that this extension will be very frequent.

In the general plan of THE CRITIC we have found little to alter, for that appears to have received the unanimous approval of its friends from the commencement.

But we must take this opportunity of erasing a misunderstanding occasioned by its title of THE CRITIC. Many have supposed from this that its main purpose was pure criticism; that it was to be a little *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly*, and that its articles ought to be essays upon books. But such is very far from our design, and if intended it would have been impracticable. THE CRITIC is, in truth, nothing more than a *Literary Journal*; that is, it is its purpose to collect information relative to the Literature and Art of the time, so that its readers may form a pretty accurate notion of their progress. As the intelligence of primary interest, it notices new books, music, and works of art, but not by way of elaborate criticism, which can only be accomplished by periodicals of large size and infrequent issue, but by giving such interesting accounts of books,—of their subjects, their style, their merits and defects, illustrated by extracts having intrinsic value and interest,—as may enable the reader, who wants time or inclination to inspect the various new publications for himself, to enjoy the opportunity of learning something about all of them, and thus to select those with which, from the account here given of them, he may desire to make more intimate acquaintance. It would be impossible formally to criticize a dozen volumes within the compass of even thirty-two of our ample pages, and indeed it is not the purpose of THE CRITIC: nor would it so please the subscribers as the present plan of presenting a lively account of books as they appear,—just such as one who had read them would give to an inquiring friend,—accompanied with extracts selected with a view to the instruction or amusement of the reader.

It is proposed in future to pay special attention to the foreign reviews, and introduce to the English reader translations of some of the best of their notices of the books of their own country.

In conclusion, we repeat to our new subscribers the request we have before preferred to our old ones, that they will introduce THE CRITIC to their friends, and back it with a recommendation. In a few days the Prospectus and List of Subscribers will be ready for circulation, and they could not better serve it or more effectively second a recommendation, than by exhibiting this magnificent roll of names, and asking if that of their friend might be added to it.

To the Booksellers and Libraries by whom THE CRITIC is so extensively supported, we need only prefer this request—that they will make a point of shewing it to their customers, and asking permission to place their names on the List of Subscribers.

Again we repeat, that THE CRITIC is a thoroughly independent publication;—that whatever its increasing circulation and advertisements may yield will be applied to its improvement, and that it is in the power of its friends now, by a little exertion, to enable it efficiently to carry out its great ultimate design.

LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

A History of the House of Commons, from the Convention Parliament of 1688, to the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832. By W. CHARLES TOWNSEND, A.M. 8vo. Vols. I. and II. London, 1844. Henry Colburn.

IN countries where the constitution embraces a representative government, an unfolding of the secret mechanism of their legislative assemblies, and an individual portraiture of the most prominent actors who, from time to time, have figured on those grand stages, are scarcely less valuable to the inquiring reader than is the broad history of the commonweal.

Founded on the representative principle from its earliest institution, and embracing men of every shade of political and religious prejudice, the British House of Commons has furnished for centuries a gauge by which the virtues and vices, the tone and temper of successive generations may be judged. But the obstacles that impede the student who desires to acquaint himself with its history are so numerous and formidable, as to deter not a few from attempting it. The details which make up the memoir of Parliament, necessarily multitudinous, are scattered through a thousand channels, so that he requires an unlimited command of time, great patience, and perseverance in research, who would collect and master them.

Hitherto a comprehensive and lucid exposition of the internal character of the House of Commons, such a one as shall distinctly shew its prevailing features, its powers and privileges, with their uses and abuses, at each epoch of its existence, has been wanting to our literature; nor are we certain that in the book before us this requirement has been completely fulfilled. Effectually to accomplish this task, less is needed of biographical sketches (which carry the reader too frequently wide of his mark), and more of the immediate proceedings of the House, with the spirit and manner in which they were conducted, than is to be found in the volumes before us.

Yet, despite these, and some minor objections, the author has rendered no trivial service to the reading public by the production of this work. He has collected with laudable diligence from various sources, some of them of difficult access, a huge mass of valuable information, which he has digested ably, and used judiciously, correcting in many instances the erroneous statements and false conclusions of former writers. Though leaving behind him occasional traces of his prejudices, as a historian he is honest, keen-sighted, and sagacious, and his *intention* to do justice to all parties is everywhere conspicuous. Of his industry, and the wide extent of his reading, every page gives abundant proof. His style, indeed, is occasionally deficient in variety of inflection, and here and there the diction overswells the thought. In the portraiture of character he has been successful; and this because, generally speaking, his good taste has confined him to the broad lines of feature, teaching him to reject as worthless the trivialities and false glitter with which contemporaneous anecdote more often disguises than displays the true nature of the man.

Having given a brief but lucid summary of the early history of the Commons, the author has chosen for the more serious exercise of his labours the period extending from the Convention Parliament of 1688 to 1832, when a total change was effected in the constitution of the House by the passing of the Reform Bill. This interval he has subdivided into three parts, two of which, reaching down to the commencement of the reign of George the Third, are comprehended in the volumes before us. To give any thing like an abridgement of parliamentary history

during the above era is as impracticable here as it would be out of place; we must content ourselves, therefore, with laying before the reader such extracts from the work itself as shall convey to him a pretty accurate notion of its merits.

The following sketch of the Great Lord Somers will be read with interest:—

“The ‘gentle Somers,’ though far from being

‘That faultless monster which the world ne’er saw,’

was one of the most incorrupt statesmen and patriotic lawyers whom this country, rich in greatness, ever nurtured. His father did not spring ‘from the dregs of the people,’ as the scurrilous Swift asserted, but was a respectable attorney at Worcester.* He is termed indeed by the same prejudiced authority ‘a great rogue;’ but his chief demerits appear to have been that he had commanded a troop of horse in Cromwell’s army and was parent to the Whig chancellor. The old house in which he was born had been inhabited by one branch of the Somers family from the time of the Tudors, and known by the name of the White Ladies, from its site being that of some ancient monastery. It had sheltered Queen Elizabeth in her royal progress, and Charles II. just before the battle of Worcester, at which disastrous period to royalty, the autumn of 1651, is dated the birth of John Somers. Under this ample roof-tree several families with whom the Somerses had intermarried, the Cookseys and Foleys, lived sociably together. Here too, came on repeated visits, the young Earl of Shrewsbury (the elder Somers was receiver of his estates), and grew up the warm friend of his son. The patronage of this wavering but amiable nobleman exercised through life a favourable influence on his fortunes. He was educated at a private school in Staffordshire, and is described to have been there a youth without ‘outleaps, a cold-blooded boy,’ who loved to be with his books at play-hours.

“A manuscript, formerly in the possession of Dr. Birch, says, ‘The account of his behaviour at school I had many years ago from a school-fellow. I think Walsall was the place; they learned their grammar together; I remember very well his account of Johnny Somers being a weakly boy, wearing a black cap, and never so much as looking on when they were at play.’ This precocious gravity Somers shared with the late Dr. Parr, who diversified his studies—the boy is father to the man—with preaching in his shirt thrown over the boy’s jacket. At the late age of twenty-one he took up his residence as gentleman commoner at Trinity College, Oxford, destined, a generation later, to be the College of the great Chatham, and cultivated there that love of classical literature which he preserved in all its freshness amid an ungenial atmosphere, the gloomy chambers of the Middle Temple, and after his call to the bar. Politics, as well as literature, diversified his legal studies.

“In behalf of those leaders of opposition to whom Shrewsbury introduced his young friend, Lords Shaftesbury and Russell, Sir William Temple and Algernon Sidney, Somers adventured his first essays as an author. He composed the greater part of the celebrated ‘Answer to the Declaration of Charles the Second on Dissolving his Last Parliament,’ and revised several state papers and pamphlets ascribed to Sidney. Provided with a handsome competency, independent of his profession, he was early distinguished for his generous and discriminating patronage of literature. We are told of his contributing one hundred pounds to the repair of the college chapel, and taking an active part in the publication of Milton’s *Paradise Lost*, in folio; that he was strenuous in obtaining subscriptions, and recommending the poem to general notice. His own stray contributions to verse deserve the praise of ease and elegance, and are far superior to the uncouth attempts at rhyme of those great statesmen and lawyers, Lord Clarendon, Sir Christopher Hatton, and Sir Matthew Hale, who loved the muses truly much better than the muses loved them. When ‘a mob of gentlemen,’ as they termed themselves, undertook to translate Plutarch, they solicited Somers’s assistance, and he favoured them with a spirited translation of the *Life of Alcibiades*, the character which Lord Bolingbroke afterwards piqued himself so much on resembling. He also translated several epistles from Ovid.

“Yet, in the midst of these and other less intellectual dissipations, he did not neglect law. In 1683, he appeared as counsel for Pilkington, the unlucky ex-sheriff of London, who was cast in the heaviest damages ever recorded, 100,000*l.* and had Joseph Jekyll, who afterwards married his sister, for a junior. At this period, we are assured, he was realizing 700*l.* a year, though we cannot but suspect some exaggeration, for he had not acquired rank, and was scarcely known. The proverbial slowness of professional advancement was exemplified in his case, notwithstanding his legal and political connections; and, on the trial of the Seven Bishops, when his name had been suggested as junior

* Cooksey’s *Life of Lord Somers*.

counsel, the right reverend prelates objected to one so young and so little known. Somers was then thirty-seven, a juvenile and somewhat premature age in that late-flowering profession. Lord Kenyon, commending a learned junior of forty-eight, spoke of him as 'a rising young man.' To the honour of the puzzled Serjeant Pollexfen, who will be remembered for his discerning patronage more than for his black-letter law, he persisted in having Somers retained; and his speech, for simple and well-reasoned eloquence, bears a most favourable comparison with those which preceded it. His arguments were in truth geometrical stairs supporting each other;† and the peroration especially has obtained, as it deserves, universal admiration:—

"My lords, as to the matters of fact alleged in the petition, that they are perfectly true, we have shewn by the journals of both Houses. In every one of those years which are mentioned in the petition, this power was considered by Parliament, and, upon debate, declared to be contrary to law. There could be then no design to diminish the prerogative, for the king has no such prerogative. Seditious, my lords, it could not be, nor could it possibly stir up sedition in the minds of the people, because it was presented to the king in private and alone. False it could not be, for the matter of it was true. There could be nothing of malice, for the occasion was not sought, but the thing was pressed upon them. And a libel it could not be, because the intent was innocent, and they kept within the bounds set up by the law, that gives the subject leave to apply to his prince by petition, when he is aggrieved.‡

"The flower of England's chivalry, her proudest peers and most distinguished commoners, were present to hear and applaud this noble specimen of well-reasoned eloquence. The genius of the pleader wanted only an opportunity, his oratory required but a fitting theme and audience; to be appreciated was but to be known. From that day Somers stood forward in the character in which Sunderland afterwards described him to the king,§ as 'the life, the soul, the spirit of his party.' The best form of Whiggery, its maintenance of tempered liberty, religious freedom, and gradual amelioration, most accorded with his judgment and taste. Returned to the Convention for his native city, Worcester, he was chosen to be one of the managers of the conference with the Lords, when they would have substituted an amendment to the resolution of the Commons that the king had deserted the throne instead of abdicated, the word which Somers had happily suggested, as one of doubtful import, likely to reconcile jarring opinions, and to soothe uneasy consciences. Some admirers of this great statesman have expressed disappointment at this argument turning so much on the niceties of verbal criticism. He cited jurists and lexicographers, Grotius, Budæus, and the Code, to prove that desertion was an abandonment, admitting the right to return and assume—abdication, an absolute irrevocable renunciation, and therefore the more proper word, first, as a consequence from the king's violation of the original contract, which the Lords had voted; next, as effectually shutting out King James, which object the Lords professed. He maintained that the non-use of the term 'abdication' in the law-books was no objection, for it was a word of known signification used by the best authors, and neither was the word desertion known to the common law."

Much as we may admire the spirit of independence which for centuries has distinguished the Commons, and the obstinacy with which they have insisted on those greatest of constitutional rights, entire immunity of person, and freedom of speech, with the lesser privileges, it is impossible to read this history without wonder at the extent to which they employed the penal powers with which they were armed. It is a sad sight to witness a great senate descending from its lofty and dignified position to coerce, by menace or absolute punishment, to the performance of an arbitrary and often unjustifiable will, such individuals as may have offended them. It is on record that "the Mayor of Oakhampton, unable to read or write, having been induced, by misrepresentation, to put his mark to the wrong indenture of return, was cast into prison for his want of scholarship." The subjoined extract will give some idea of the manner in which the House occasionally abused its privileges.

"A review of their treatment of petitioners, on general subjects, will not tend to reconcile us to the manner in which the House have exercised these indefensible privileges. In the year 1679, when Oates and Dangerfield, and other such worthies, encouraged by the Commons, were maddening the nation with their monstrous fictions, Charles prorogued the Parliament. Shaftes-

bury and the popular leaders got up petitions to the King to assemble it. The Loyalists met them with counter-addresses to the King, expressing their reliance on his wisdom, and their abhorrence of the practices of the petitioners; and the people were divided into petitioners and abhorbers. It should seem, according to the modern notion of constitutional rights, that either party had an equal liberty to express their opinions upon political affairs; but, when the Parliament met, a majority of the Commons voted the proceedings of the abhorbers to be a breach of their privileges, and seized and committed to prison great numbers of them from all parts of England. 'Scarce a day passed,' says Ralph, 'but some abhorber was dragged before them and committed to the custody of the serjeant-at-arms, at the pleasure of the House. And this strange despotism they exercised with so much wantonness as well as cruelty, that Mr. Trosby was pleased to say, they kept a hawk (meaning the said serjeant), and they must every day provide flesh for him. And the quantity he was this session gorged with, gave rise to this proverb, "Take him, Topham," in all discourse of peremptory commitments.'"

"The people discovered that a popular assembly, acting with an *esprit du corps*, and yielding to its fears or passions, might become more dangerous than the crown to the rights and liberties of the people. One resolute Englishman caused this band of tyrants to shrink back, with almost ludicrous haste, from their ill-advised and arbitrary proceedings. They had ordered Mr. Stowell, of Exeter, who, as foreman of the grand jury of that city, had signed and forwarded an abhorrence, into the custody of the serjeant; but he, with a proper spirit, refused to submit, and the Commons did not venture to prosecute any further proceedings against him. They adopted the mean and miserable subterfuge of voting him ill and respiting his arrest.

"The case of the Kentish petitioners in 1701 forms an exact counterpart to that of the abhorbers, and even exceeds it in the lawless character of the vindictive measures that were taken. A large portion of the nation were irritated against the House for their factious disputes with the Lords, some of whom they impeached without proceeding in the impeachment, and for their unreasonable jealousies of the King. The leading gentry of Kent discussed these grievances at the Maidstone Easter Sessions, and drew up a petition, expressing their hope 'that no pretence whatsoever shall be able to create a misunderstanding among ourselves, or the least distrust of his most sacred Majesty, whose great actions for this nation are writ in the hearts of his subjects, and can never, without the blackest ingratitude, be forgotten. We most humbly implore this honourable House to have regard to the voice of the people, that our religion and safety may be effectually provided for—that your loyal address may be turned into bills of supply—and that his most sacred Majesty (whose prosperous and unblemished reign over us we pray God long to continue) may be enabled powerfully to assist his allies before it is too late, and your petitioners shall ever pray,' &c.

"This petition, respectfully worded, though most obnoxious for its covert sarcasm and ungracious panegyric on the monarch, was drawn up by Mr. William Colepepper, the chairman, and signed by twenty-three of his brother magistrates, twenty-one of the grand jury, and a number of freeholders, whose signatures, in five hours, completely covered the parchment. Five of the leading gentry of the county repaired to the House with their petition. As they were waiting in the lobby, Mr. Meredith, one of the county members, came out and informed them of the extraordinary excitement into which its arrival had thrown the House, Mr. How saying, if there were 100,000 hands to this petition they should be all made examples of, and Sir Edward Seymour threatening that the whole county should be doubly taxed, and the estates of those who presented the petition confiscated to the use of the war. The country gentlemen stood their ground undaunted. Their leader, Colepepper, applied to himself the saying of Luther to those who would have dissuaded him from entering Worms, 'that if every tile on the roof of the chapel of St. Stephen's were a devil, he would present this petition—that if none of the members would do their country so much service as to present their grievances to Parliament, embodied in a legal petition, they would knock at the door of the House, and deliver it themselves.' A member having at length ventured to rise with the obnoxious document, the speaker declared that it was the usage of the House, when a petition was presented, that the persons who brought it ought to be ready with it to justify its contents. The little band of patriots were accordingly called to the bar and addressed by the speaker, Mr. Harley, as the short narrative of the petition informs us, 'in his wonted tone of haughtiness.' The following dialogue ensued:—

"Speaker.—Gentlemen, is this your petition? (Holding it up by one corner.)

"Gentlemen.—Yes, Mr. Speaker!—(bowing very respectfully).

† Granger. ‡ Philipps's State Trials.
§ Shrewsbury Correspondence.

* Case of Petitioners, by Defoe.

"Speaker.—'And, gentlemen, you own this petition?'"

"Gentlemen.—'Yes, Sir, we do.'"

"Speaker.—(turning to one of the clerks).—'Carry it to them, and see if they will own their hands.'—(Which they severally did.)"

"Speaker.—'Withdraw, and expect the order of the House.'"

"After this threatening prologue, they were detained in the lobby five hours, and their fears played upon by a message from Sir Edward Seymour, that Mr. How was then speaking, and would continue to speak for some time, to give them time for repentance, and by a timely acknowledgment save themselves from ruin. The House, finding at length that the petitioners were not to be subdued by menaces, 'resolved, that their petition was scandalous, insolent, and seditious, tending to destroy the constitution of parliament, and to subvert the established government of these realms.' As a natural sequel to this fiery resolution, the House ordered that the petitioners be committed to Newgate, where they lingered till the prorogation, on June 23, a period of two months."

To our author's account of the trial of Warren Hastings, we find appended a note, which, better than all the voluminous narratives of this event we remember to have read, gives us an insight to what was, we believe, after all, the true state of the case, and the real amount of his criminality.

"In conversation with a friend, Warren Hastings told the whole truth, and most unfavourably for himself. Jennings, familiarly called 'Dog Jennings,' on his first meeting with the ex-governor, after his return to England, said, 'My dear Hastings, is it possible you are the great rascal Burke says, and the whole world is inclined to believe?' 'I assure you, Jennings,' was the reply, 'that, though sometimes obliged to turn rascal for the Company, I was never one for myself.'"

We close this notice of a really useful work with its author's conclusion to his second volume:—

"Who that has sat in the gallery of the old House of Commons—that venerable building which the calamitous fire of October 16th, 1834, reduced to ashes—can fail to recollect his first feeling of disappointment, as he gazed with a sense of wounded pride around the dark and narrow room, and looked in astonishment at honourable members grouped in various attitudes of carelessness and indifference? The aspect of the Chapel, plain almost to rudeness, appears to have struck an intelligent French stranger with a feeling akin to pity, or contempt. 'La salle,' he writes,† 'est petite et sans décoration—point de marbre—point d'or—point de peintures.' Its paltry dimensions, confined space, and want of accommodation could only be adequately described in the vernacular of Cobbett, who possessed the peculiar faculty of disenchaining his readers from all charms of poetry, of vulgarizing the noble, and debasing the sublime. 'Why,' he asks, with the natural indignation of a new member, 'are six hundred and fifty-eight of us crammed into a space that allows us no more than half-a-foot square? There we are, crammed into this little hole, squeezing one another, treading upon each others' toes, running about to get a seat, going to the hole at seven o'clock in the morning, as I do, to stick a bit of paper with my name on it on a bench, to indicate that I mean to sit there for that day, then routed out of those places again after a division has taken place, and running and scrambling for a seat in just the same manner as people do, when they are let into a dining-room at a public dinner at the Crown and Anchor, or elsewhere.'"

"Yet such as it was, 'cabin'd and confin'd,' undecorated for a century, decked only with a new coating of paint and whitewash, destitute of all architectural pomp, unadorned by a single monument of sculpture or art—into that building what intelligent stranger was ever ushered for the first time without a throbbing heart and heightened pulse! Who but has lowered his voice on first entering that room as he felt the genius of the place compelling awe, the deep inspiration of the past! Mighty memories, sublime associations, breathe their subduing spells around the stranger. *Tanta vis admonitionis inest in locis.* Within those walls the battles of humanity have been fought, the privileges of freedom vindicated, and the liberties of England won. For not less than ten generations, ever since the gentle Edward VI. allotted that consecrated chamber to the great council of Parliament, the genius and virtue, the dignity and rank, the wisdom and eloquence, of the nation have been there represented. Treasures of statesmanship have been lavishly poured forth in that hall, which there was no prudent hand to gather. There blushed the chivalry of Raleigh, there wept the servile patriotism of Coke, there recorded its protest the faithful loyalty of Hyde. Its floor was once profaned by the hasty step of the unhappy Charles, who left his guards at the door as he faltered into the

Speaker's chair—once far more basely desecrated by the stamp of Cromwell, as he crowded the benches of a truckling assembly with the myrmidions of a usurper.

"But fearfully was the insult avenged: nobly have those assaults of despotism been requited by the Acts of freedom—the Habeas Corpus Act, the Bill of Rights, and the Act of Settlement—those death-warrants of tyranny which have since been read there as law. There, with an eye glowing fire eloquent as his voice, Chatham spoke for immortality, and, triumphing over physical weakness and bodily decay, made his very crutch an instrument of oratory—there the great Commoner crushed the house of Bourbon, and smote her power with that electrical shock which reverberated in another hemisphere. On that floor the mighty Burke—great even in his failures—threw down the dagger, a specimen of the presents which French fraternity was preparing for his countrymen. There Castlereagh walked proudly up the House amid loud huzzas, with the Treaty of Peace, signed at Paris, in his hand. There Canning called the new world into existence, that he might redress the balance of the old.

"By the table in that Chapel, afterwards stained with Percival's blood, the brow of the boldest warrior has grown pale, as he stood up to receive the thanks of the House, and with trembling voice stammered forth his gratitude. Blake, and Albemarle, and Schomberg, Marlborough, and a greater even than that proud captain, the Hero of a Hundred Fights, the Duke of Wellington, have drunk in there the pealing applause which heralded Westminster Abbey. At that bar the proudest of England's peers have bent the head to deprecate the Commons' vengeance; the governor of millions—the ministers of state—have there bowed the knee, and in their impeachment confessed the grandeur of the great national inquest. There the noblest sons of genius—Bacon, and Newton, and Wren, Addison, Gibbon, Mitford, have sat 'mute but not inglorious.' There Oglethorpe taught the lesson of humanity to inspect our prisons, and Meredith and Romilly pleaded, against capital punishments, that criminals still were men. Those walls have rung with the shout of triumph as the slave-trade went down in its iniquity. Peals of laughter have awakened the echoes of that chamber to generations of wits—Martin, and Coventry, Charles Townshend, and Sheridan, and Canning. The hollow murmurs of sympathy have there rung back the funeral tribute to the elder and younger Pitt, to Grenville, and Horner, to that eloquent orator, conspicuous among his countrymen, Grattan, who in his dying hour there poured forth his soul. What exhilarating cheers, the only rewards to St. John, for those lost orations which have perished for ever, have there rewarded the efforts of Pitt and Fox, as they sunk back exhausted! The forgotten oratory of that chamber would more than balance all that is recorded.

"Magnificent as the new building may be, adorned with paintings and embellished with trophies of our progress in the arts, far more convenient than the old chamber, in splendour not to be compared, the palace of senators, and not the mere hall—it can never rival, in the mind's eye, that humbler room empanelled with living memories, blazoned with illustrations of the past. The cloud of light, which filled the old temple with the glory of the Presence, far more than transcended the vivid splendours of the new. Though the rising structure cannot be for centuries what St. Stephen's Chapel has been, it will stand, we may rest assured, as the former House, the classical sanctuary of Britain's intellectual greatness, the chosen palladium of her proudest attributes—freedom, and eloquence, and power."

Historic Fancies. By the Hon. G. SYDNEY SMYTHE, M. P. London, 1844. Colburn.

YOUNG ENGLAND has lately excited much attention. In the House of Commons they would be heard; and, by means of the most successful novel of the season, they have been heard with far more interest out of the House. We give full credit to some of the members of this party for ability and boldness, while we doubt not the good intentions of all; but every claimant for literary fame must stand or fall by his own merits. His party out of the House may indeed buy his books, or his party in the House applaud his speeches, in return for similar favours already received or to be hereafter paid by the aspirant; but he must undergo also, whether he may like it or not, the ordeal of criticism; and the author of *Historic Fancies*, in spite of the unpretending language of his preface, must be content to share the common lot. That he will pass through it unscathed, is more than he can hope, and certainly does not deserve.

In the first place, the title is quite a misnomer. The book has not the negative merit of answering to its name.

† Viscount Chateaubriand.

For "Historic Fancies," read "A few Facts gleaned from the History of France." The greater portion of the work relates to the actors in the French Revolution. We have two or three hundred more pages in the talkee-talkie tongue, about Robespierre, St. Just, Couthon, Tallien, &c. garnished with copious extracts from Thiers, and singularly devoid of thoughts—no new arrangement of facts known before, no vivid painting, no philosophical analysis, nothing that any one might not have written, nothing that almost every one did not already know.

Gladly should we have seen a development of the views which Young England takes of the past, or a shadowing forth of their ideas for the future, through the brilliant medium of imagination and poetic prose, which such a title would have justified, and which we naturally expected from it. But nothing of the kind can be found. We are told, indeed, in the preface, that the "mere fragments are not without something of unity in their system, nor a sustained purpose in their design." We have, however, read the book through, and searched in vain for the unity or the design. In truth, if the success of their chief hierophant, the accomplished and sarcastic author of *Coningsby*, should entice many other Young Englanders into the arena of literature with no better arms than the author of *Historic Fancies* possesses, we fear their influence in the intellectual world will be as slight as it is in the House of Commons.

There are one or two fragments which might be called Fancies, but the strangest fancy is the supposition that the fourteen-syllable verse is adapted to such subjects as a description of the "Aristocracy of France," or the "Merchants of England," whom he calls in the most anti-ballad style, "seigneurs of the seas." Has Mr. Smythe ever read the *Battle of Iroy*? Let him peruse and re-peruse that specimen of the power and picturesqueness which may be combined in that metre, ere he again indulges in the fatal facility of versifying which is afforded by it, and which has hidden from his eyes at least the difficulties of the task he has undertaken. We want something more than mediocrity, or nothing at all. In substance, then, this book is worthless. Portions would do well for the *Annals*, and the rest is only interesting because it would be a strangely difficult task to give any account of the men whom we have mentioned which would be altogether dull. Amid so much commonplace, it is difficult to extract but one of the few passages answering to the title we will give. It is entitled

NEW ATHENS.

"Is it a scene at Athens? There are lamps of graceful oval, which give a mellow and shaded lustre. There are double-handed goblets, such as Socrates used to drain, when vying with Alcibiades. There are servants who bear fruits and wines, to the sound of softest music. There are lyric songs,

'With such as these

Aspasia won sweet smiles from Pericles.'

There are beautiful women, with slender foreheads, and tresses delicately braided round their small heads. There are broaches, and fibule, the deep-bosomed tunic, and the sandal, with its becoming strings. There is the red bonnet of Phrygia, and the grasshopper in gold. Surely, this must be some Athenian revel, with its accomplished citizens and travelled foreigners. It must be the 'at home' of some Hetæra, the resort of the most polished, the most learned, the most renowned of mankind. The symmetry, the elegance, the luxury of Greece are all here. The quick, rapid manner, the ceaseless impulse, the visible suddenness of thought, the magnetic interchange of feeling, these things also are not wanting. The conversation, too, is of liberty and art, of philosophy and the theatre. There are groups of politicians, who, rare thing! are speaking of the people. There are others who are discussing victories over tyrants, and the heroic devotion of Republicans. But there is among them a man far greater than any Athens ever saw.

"See him, with long hair far down, waving on his shoulders, with dark eyes flashing with genius, with features regular as

those of an Antinous, with lips compressed and disdainful, with a mien superb as of a God!

"But the lady, who is at little intervals speaking laughingly to him, seems all unconscious of his greatness or divinity. She is a sunburnt and coquettish brunette, with large languid eyes, and an air of the most indolent repose. There is something, however, of command even in her indolence. The mystics of her own land have foretold that she shall be a Queen, and she loves to remember the prophecy. It might be an Egyptian, who had come to see all the arts and wonders which had forsaken her country, to grace and embellish Athens. Gentle reader, I have, perhaps, betrayed you by my guesses. It is a soirée at the Citoyenne Tallien's, in 1794. It is the first meeting of Napoleon Buonaparte and Josephine Beauharnais."

There are some "Sonnets" and short pieces of poetry interspersed through the volume, but all that can be said of them is that they are pretty, and generally out of place. We look for something better than *Historic Fancies* from the party who are to regenerate "Old England," or we fear that such a glorious result must be postponed *ad Græcas kalendas*, or, as the Jewish proverb has it, "until the ass ascends the ladder."

BIOGRAPHY.

The Public and Private Life of Lord Chancellor Eldon; with Selections from his Correspondence. By HORACE TWISS, Esq., one of her Majesty's Counsel. In 3 vols. London, 1844. Murray.

LORD ELDON is one of the names to which papas point when, in an agony of parental enthusiasm, they prophesy of the lubberly lad who is screaming at taw and stuffing apples, that if he will go to school and learn his lessons, he shall some day be a great man, like Lord Eldon, who was only a tradesman's son.

The life of such a man must be instructive, nor can it fail to be amusing. And Lord Eldon has been happy in his biographer. Mr. Twiss has accomplished his task with rare impartiality; he has bestowed upon it much of the patient toil hitherto held to be a peculiar characteristic of the genus "Antiquary." He has put together his rich store of materials with artistic skill; his style is already known to the public, as remarkable for its plain and earnest simplicity; a style peculiarly adapted for biography, of which the charm consists in graphic portraiture of place and person, and lively narrative of events.

It is impossible that any man could have occupied the lofty station of Lord Chancellor of England for many years without linking his name more or less with all the great events and distinguished personages of his era. The difficulty of his biographer would, therefore, lie rather in the rejection than in the collection of materials. Mr. Twiss has brought a sound discretion to the discharge of this important duty, and rejected whatever has not permanent interest, even to the pruning of correspondence and the curtailment of speeches, the departments in which biographers are wont to consider themselves fairly entitled to lessen their own labour at the expense of their readers' pockets. Nor does Mr. Twiss offensively thrust forward his own opinions, nor yield to the temptation offered by his subject to indulge in speculation and reflection. But he does not, therefore, pretend to absolute impartiality or entire exemption from party feeling. He candidly remarks in his preface, that a total absence of political feeling would have been hardly attainable, and perhaps not desirable. The life of any modern statesman, if written without a general sympathy in his political views, must have a coldness and flatness which no tone of impartiality could redeem. In this manly manner he sets himself to the performance of his task, a brief abstract of which is all that we can attempt.

JOHN SCOTT, LORD ELDON, was born at Newcastle,

on the 4th of June, 1751. It was commonly believed that he sprung from the working class; but it was not so. His father was a respectable coal-fitter, as it is termed, that is, a factor in the sale of coals between the owner of the pit and the shipper. In this calling he accumulated considerable property, and was a person of some influence in the town. John, the subject of this memoir, was the second son by a second wife, William, afterwards the celebrated Lord Stowell, being the eldest. He, it appears, was born at the village of Heworth, on the other side of the town, and to this accident were both brothers mainly indebted for their subsequent fortunes.

Both the boys were sent at fitting age to the Royal Grammar School of their native town, where they displayed great diligence, but no remarkable talent of any kind, and even thus early the different characters of their minds were indicated by this curious incident told in a memoir of Lord Stowell:—

"When asked to give an account of the Sunday sermon, their father's weekly custom, the eldest, William, would repeat a sort of digest of the general argument—or condensed summary of what he had heard; John, on the other hand, would recapitulate the minutiae of the discourse, and reiterate the very phrase of the preacher. He shewed a memory the most complete and exact, but failed in giving the whole scope and clear general view of the sermon, embodied in half the number of words by the elder brother."

Their school-life was without much incident of interest, Lord Eldon afterwards recollecting it chiefly by the fact he was fond of telling, that "no boy was ever so much thrashed as he was." In his conversations with his niece, Mrs. Foster, he used to relate some anecdotes, which she has repeated to Mr. Twiss, of this early period of his life, two of which may be worth repeating:—

"I remember my father coming to my bedside to accuse Harry and me of having robbed an orchard; some one had come to complain. Now, my coat was lying by my bed with its pockets full of apples, and I had hid some more under the bed-clothes, when I heard my father on the stairs, and I was at that moment suffering intolerable torture from those I had eaten; yet I had the audacity to deny the fact. We were twice flogged for it. I do not know how it was, but we always considered robbing an orchard as an honourable exploit. I remember once being carried before a magistrate for robbing an orchard—"boxing the fox," as we called it. There were three of us, Hewet Johnson, another boy, and myself. The magistrate acted upon what I think was rather curious law; for he fined our fathers each 30s. for our offence. We did not care for that, but then they did; so my father flogged me, then sent a message to Moises, and Moises flogged me again. We were very good boys, very good indeed; we never did any thing worse than a robbery."

"I believe," said Lord Eldon to the same lady, "no shoemaker ever helped to put on more ladies' shoes than I have done. At the dancing-school the young ladies always brought their dancing-shoes with them, and we deemed it a proper piece of etiquette to assist the pretty girls in putting them on. * * * We used, when we were at the head school, early on the Sunday mornings, to steal flowers from the gardens in the neighbourhood of the Forth, and then we presented them to our sweethearts. Oh, those were happy days—we were always in love then."

William appears first to have exhibited uncommon abilities, and a scholarship for any native of the diocese of Durham becoming vacant at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, he was put forward as a competitor, his title being derived from the accident, before alluded to, of his birth on the other side of the Tyne.

This bold enterprise was successful. He was elected on the 26th of February, 1761, after a severe examination, which he passed with great *éclat*. His career at college justified the anticipations of his friends. He was a tutor at the age of twenty.

John had been intended by the prudent father to succeed him in his calling. But William was earnest in endeavours to dissuade him from this design. "Send Jack up to me," he wrote, "I can do better for him here." Parental ambition triumphed over the tradesman's prudence, and John was snatched from coals, and, on the 15th of May, 1766, entered at University College, Oxford.

In a jotting-book which he kept in after-life, he notes a curious incident of his journey to college.

"I have seen it remarked, that something which in early youth captivates attention influences future life in all stages. When I left school in 1766 to go to Oxford, I came up from Newcastle to London in a coach, then denominated, on account of its quick travelling, as travelling was then estimated, a fly, being, as well as I remember, nevertheless, three or four days and nights on the road. There was no such velocity as to endanger overturning or other mischief. On the panels of the carriage were painted the words "*Sat cito, si sat bene*,"—words which made a most lasting impression on my mind, and have had their influence upon my conduct in all subsequent life. Their effect was heightened by circumstances during and immediately after the journey. Upon the journey a Quaker, who was a fellow-traveller, stopped the coach at the inn at Tuxford, desired the chambermaid to come to the coach door, and gave her a sixpence, telling her that he forgot to give it her when he slept there two years before. I was a very saucy boy, and said to him, "Friend, have you seen the motto on this coach?" "No." "Then look at it; for I think giving her only sixpence now is neither *sat cito* nor *sat bene*." After I got to town, my brother, now Lord Stowell, met me at the White Horse in Fetter-lane, Holborn, then the great Oxford house, as I was told. He took me to see the play at Drury-lane. Love played *Jobson* in the farce, and Miss Pope played *Nell*. When we came out of the house it rained hard. There were then few hackney-coaches, and we got both into one sedan-chair. Turning out of Fleet-street into Fetter-lane there was a sort of contest between our chairmen and some persons who were coming up Fleet-street, whether they should first pass up Fleet-street or we in our chair first get out of Fleet-street into Fetter-lane. In the struggle the sedan-chair was upset with us in it. This, thought I, is more than *sat cito*, and it certainly is not *sat bene*. In short, in all that I have had to do in future life, professional and judicial, I have always felt the effect of this early admonition on the panels of the vehicle which conveyed me from school, "*Sat cito, si sat bene*." It was the impression of this which made me that deliberative judge—as some have said, too deliberative; and reflection upon all that is passed will not authorize me to deny, that whilst I have been thinking, "*Sat cito, si sat bene*," I may not have sufficiently recollected whether "*Sat cito, si sat bene*," has had its due influence."

In 1767, he was elected a fellow of his college, and in 1771 he was the successful competitor for the English prize essay on "The Advantages and Disadvantages of Foreign Travel." He was not twenty when he achieved this honour. His biographer tells some amusing stories of his college life, which we have not space to extract.

At this time JOHN SCOTT's views were directed to the church, for which he continued to prepare himself, ambitious of no higher distinction than college honours and a life of literary leisure and celibacy; but his fate, like that of many greater and lesser men, was determined by a woman. While on a visit at Sedgfield, in Durham, he chanced to see at the church Miss Elizabeth Surtees, a very pretty girl, with whom he fell desperately in love at first sight. Her father was a wealthy banker in Newcastle, and, calculating on his own purse and his daughter's charms, he aspired to some more promising match than a college tutor. But the young lady would not be dictated to in an affair of the heart, and she readily gave her affections to Scott, then little more than twenty. Her father sought to prevent their meeting, and sent her to her uncle, who lived in Park-lane. But London is not precisely the place for parting lovers.

Scott continued to meet her often, accidentally of course, in the Park and a private correspondence was kept up. In the following year there was a rumour that her hand was sought by a suitor of rank and wealth who carried with him the hearty good-will of her family. Almost distracted, Scott obtained an interview with the object of his affections, and finding her faithful and anxious only to relieve himself from the terrible suspense in which he was kept by the uncertain position of their acquaintance, he rashly persuaded her to elope with him, never thinking how they were to live when married. On the 18th of November, 1772, the enamoured pair one romantically descended "by a ladder into the arms of her lover from her father's house in Newcastle," and a post-chaise conveyed them to Blackshields, on the borders, where they were married in due form of Scottish law. The business done, they returned to Morpeth, where they were compelled to await an answer from the offended father of the bride, to whom a *penitent* (!) letter had been addressed. And this was the reality that succeeded the romance.

"The bride," says Miss Forster, "used to describe this period as the most miserable of the whole business. Their funds were exhausted, they had not a home to go to, and they knew not what their friends would say. In this mournful dilemma she suddenly espied from the window a fine large wolf-dog, called Loup, walking along the street;—a joyful sight, for she felt assured a friend was near; and in a few minutes my grandfather, Mr. Henry Scott, entered the room, bringing with him the forgiveness of his son, Mr. Scott, and an invitation for the youthful bride and bridegroom to Love-lane, which was gladly accepted."

But, though softened, papa was not subdued. He felt or feigned anger for some weeks after their return; and wishing, perhaps, to make them feel their folly, refused to make a provision for the rebellious child. It was then that JOHN SCOTT half resolved to accept a liberal offer that was made to him by a tradesman at Newcastle to enter the grocery trade. He was snatched from this ignoble pursuit by the gradual relenting of Mr. Surtees, who negotiated with the father of the young man the terms of a settlement, which was ultimately arranged thus. The banker settled 1,000*l.* on his daughter, the coal-fitter 2,000*l.* on his son. The couple were formally remarried according to English ritual, and immediately went to Oxford.

This change in his condition changed all his plans. A college life was out of the question, and casting about for a profession, he finally, after much deliberation, fixed upon the Bar. Upon this Mr. Twiss remarks:—

"Such were the circumstances of a marriage which, eventually, by obliging Mr. Scott to vacate his fellowship, precluded him from any prospect of preferment in the church, and determined him to the study of the law. 'Having, then,' says Lord Eldon, in the *Anecdote-Book*, 'the world before us, and, as it proved, a most kind Providence my guide, I gave up the purpose of taking orders, and entered as a student in the Middle Temple in January, 1773.' His relinquishment, however, of the purpose of taking orders was then but inchoate; for though the marriage placed him under a necessity of vacating his fellowship at the end of twelve months, yet, during that intermediate time, which is commonly called the year of grace, he still held the fellowship, with the option of accepting any college living which might come to his turn within that period. But," adds Mr. Twiss, in another place, "happily for his fame and fortune, the twelve months of grace passed away without the falling in of any benefice to tempt him back from the pursuit of the law."

But with characteristic caution he would not quite abandon his hold upon Oxford. He was willing to have, as he said of it, "two strings to his bow," and while he was keeping his terms at the Middle Temple, he held also his tutorship at Oxford, and he read alternately divinity and law, resolved if one failed to adopt the other. It was while both student and tutor that he delivered

some law lectures, as deputy for Sir R. Chambers, the Vinerian Professor, and it is a strange coincidence that his first lecture was upon the statute 4 & 5 Phil. & Mary, c. 8, "Of young men running away with maidens." His industry at this critical period of his life was prodigious. His income was small, and he strove diligently to fit himself to earn an independent livelihood. He thus wrote to a friend:—"I have married rashly, and have neither house nor home to offer my wife; but it is my determination to work hard to provide for the woman I love." And severe, indeed, was his toil. He rose at four; read all day and till late into the night, keeping himself awake by the help of a wet towel about his head. But there is limit to mental as to bodily exertion. His health began to fail—his friends interfered; his answer was, "No matter; I must either do as I am now doing, or I must starve." Gradually he relaxed his hold upon divinity and gave himself up wholly to the study of the law. We now, therefore, part with his college career, and we cannot close that portion of his history without extracting some of the most amusing of its reminiscences:—

DR. JOHNSON.

"Lord Eldon's *Anecdote-Book* has the following reminiscences of Dr. Johnson at Oxford:—I had a walk in New Inn Hall Garden, with Dr. Johnson, Sir Robert Chambers, and some other gentlemen; Sir Robert was gathering snails, and throwing them over the wall into his neighbour's garden. The Doctor reproached him very roughly, and stated to him that this was unmannerly and unneighbourly. 'Sir,' said Sir Robert, 'my neighbour is a Dissenter.'—'Oh!' said the Doctor, 'if so, Chambers, toss away, toss away, as hard you can.'"

A DOCTOR OF DIVINITY.

"In the middle of the last century, Oxford saw at least as much of hard drinking as of hard study. The *Anecdote-Book* tells a story of a Doctor of Divinity, whom Mr. John Scott saw trying, under the influence of some inspiration much stronger than that of the Pierian stream, to make his way to Brazenose College through Radcliffe-square. He had reached the library, a rotunda then without railings, and, unable to support himself except by keeping one hand upon the building, he continued walking round and round, until a friend, coming out of the College, espied the distress of the case, and rescued him from the orbit in which he had been so unsteadily revolving. In days when Doctors of Divinity were thus unguarded in their conviviality, undergraduates could hardly be expected to preserve a very strict temperance. Among the waggeries of the wine-parties, Lord Eldon's *Anecdote-Book* has preserved one, which will put the reader in mind of Swift's English derivations from classical names. At Corpus Christi College there were drinking-cups, or glasses, which, from their shape, were called ox-eyes. Some friends of a young student, after seducing him to fill his ox-eye much fuller and oftener than consisted with his equilibrium, took pity at last on his helpless condition, and led or carried him to his rooms. He had just Latin enough left at command, to thank them at the stair head with, 'Pol, me ox-eye-distis, amici.'"

AN OXFORD EXAMINATION IN 1770.

"Mr. John Scott took his bachelor's degree in Hilary Term, on the 20th of February, 1770. An examination for a degree at Oxford, he used to say, was a farce in my time. I was examined in Hebrew and in history. 'What is the Hebrew for the place of skull?' I replied, 'Golgotha.' 'Who founded University College?' I stated (though, by the way, the point is sometimes doubted), 'that King Alfred founded it.' 'Very well, sir,' said the examiner, 'you are competent for your degree.'"

ELDON'S FIRST CAUSE.

"The first cause I ever decided was an apple-pie cause: I must tell you of it, Mary. I was, you know, a senior fellow at University College, and two of the undergraduates came to complain to me, that the cook had sent them an apple-pie that could not be eaten. So I said I would hear both sides. I summoned the cook to make his defence; who said that he always paid the utmost attention to the provisions of the college, that he never had any thing unfit for the table, and that there was then a remarkably fine fillet of veal in the kitchen. Now here we were at fault; for I could not understand what a fillet of

veal in the kitchen had to do with an apple-pie in the Hall. So, in order that I might come to a right understanding of the merits of the case, I ordered the pie itself to be brought before me. Then came an easy decision; for the messenger returned and informed me, that the other undergraduates had taken advantage of the absence of the two complainants, and had eaten the whole of the apple-pie: so you know it was impossible for me to decide that *that* was not eatable, which was actually eaten. I often wished in after-life that all the causes were apple-pie causes: fine easy work it would have been."

He spent six months of his studentship with Mr. Duane, a conveyancer, who took him without fee, and that was all the legal education he received from others. But he made the best of his scanty instruction. He copied some folio books of precedents, and it is worthy of note, that just before his death he declared that this laborious exercise was "of infinite service to him during a long life in the Court of Chancery." He never set foot in a pleader's chambers, but he told a friend that "he acquired his knowledge of pleading by copying every thing he could lay his hand upon." In short, he took the only road to success—patient perseverance. He read, and copied, and reflected, and suffered no calls of pleasure to lure him from his pursuit of learning. It would seem that he wanted the means, as well as the inclination, for indulgences of any kind, for he tells us in his *Anecdote-Book*, that he had "frequently run down to Fleet-market to get sixpenny-worth of sprats for supper," his lodgings being in Cursitor-street.

He was called to the Bar on the 9th of February, 1776, and, like most students, imagined that then fortune would empty her cornucopia at his feet.

"When I was called to the bar," said he to Mrs. Forster, 'Bessy and I thought all our troubles were over; business was to pour in, and we were to be almost rich immediately. So I made a bargain with her, that during the following year all the money I should receive in the first eleven months should be mine, and whatever I should get in the twelfth month should be hers. What a stingy dog I must have been to make such a bargain; I would not have done so afterwards. But, however, so it was; *that* was our agreement; and how do you think it turned out? In the twelfth month I received half-a-guinea; eighteen-pence went for fees, and Bessy got nine shillings; in the other eleven months I got not one shilling.'"

But he did not despond. He made good use of his time, continuing his studies with little intermission, and attentively watching the great advocates of the day, in hope to learn from them how best to bear himself when his time should come.

He chose the Northern Circuit, and took several rounds with very indifferent success: a few defences of prisoners, and a general retainer for the corporation of Newcastle, procured by the interest of his father-in-law, was all that he could boast; and in town he received nothing but a brief on behalf of the Duke of Northumberland in some proceedings before the House of Lords. But now-a-days we should consider this as extraordinary good luck.

Not so the embryo Chancellor. He was thoroughly disheartened, and had serious thought of settling down as a provincial barrister at Newcastle; and his state of mind is thus depicted in a letter by his brother:—

"Business is very dull with poor Jack, very dull indeed; and of consequence he is not very lively. I heartily wish that business may bricken a little, or he will be heartily sick of his profession. I do all I can to keep up his spirits, but he is very gloomy."

"The fulfilment of this design," says his biographer, "was prevented by two opportunities afforded him for the display of his talents by the appeal in the cause of *Ackroyd v. Smithson*, in which he had been previously engaged, and by the Clithero election petition." In the case of *Ackroyd v. Smithson*, a testator had directed his real estate to be sold, and the proceeds to be divided into fifteen parts, which he gave to so many persons. One of the persons died during the testator's life, and the next of

kin claimed the lapsed share. Scott received a brief to consent on the part of the heir-at-law; but, on looking into the case, was satisfied that the heir was entitled to the estate. Accordingly, instead of consenting, he raised the point before the Master of the Rolls, who decided against him. But the cause happened to be carried before Lord Thurlow, then Chancellor, and again a consent brief was sent to Scott, who still persisted in urging his confident view of the law.

"You see the lucky thing was, that there being two other parties, and the disappointed one not being content, there was an appeal to Lord Thurlow. In the meanwhile, they had written to Mr. Johnston, recorder of York, guardian to the young heir-at-law, and a clever man, but his answer was, 'Do not send good money after bad; let Mr. Scott have a guinea to give consent, and if he will argue, why let him do so, but give him no more.' So I went into court, and when Lord Thurlow asked who was to appear for the heir-at-law, I rose and said modestly, that I was, and as I could not but think, with much deference to the Master of the Rolls, for I might be wrong, that my client had the right to the property, if his lordship would give me leave, I would argue it. It was rather arduous for me to rise against all the eminent counsel; I do not say that their opinions were against me, but they were employed against me. However, I argued that the testator had ordered this fifteenth share of the property to be converted into personal property for the benefit of one particular individual; and that, therefore, he never contemplated its coming into possession of either the next of kin or the residuary legatee, but, being land, at the death of the individual it came to the heir-at-law. Well, Thurlow took three days to consider, and then delivered his judgment in accordance with my speech, and that speech is in print and has decided all similar questions ever since."

Lord Eldon's account to Mr. Farrer concludes thus:—

"As I left the hall a respectable solicitor of the name of Forster came up and touched me on the shoulder, and said, 'Young man, your bread and butter is cut for life,' or 'You have cut your bread and butter.'"

In the Clithero election petition he undertook the case in the absence of the other counsel, and at short notice; and with so much ability did he go through it, that his friends urged him to remain in town.

"Afterwards (he says), Wilson came to me and pressed me in the same manner to remain in London, adding, what was very kind, that he would insure me 400*l.* the next year. I gave him the same answer I had given Mansfield. However, I did remain in London, and lived to make Mansfield Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and Wilson a Puisne Judge."

They were right. His reputation rose rapidly; business flowed in, both in London and upon Circuit; he never again wanted a brief.

His Circuit Recollections are very amusing. The following story was told by himself to Mr. Spence:—

"You will perhaps be surprised to hear that I was first brought into notice on the Northern Circuit by breaking the Ten Commandments." 'I should,' says Mr. Spence 'have supposed him to mean that he had read his briefs on Sunday; but there was that good-humoured gleam of the eye which every one who recollects him will understand, and which puzzled me. He continued, 'I'll tell you how it was. I was counsel in a cause the fate of which depended on our being able to make out who was the founder of an ancient chapel in the neighbourhood. I went to view it; there was nothing to be observed which gave any indication of its date or history. However, I observed that the Ten Commandments were written on some old plaster, which, from its position, I conjectured might cover an arch. Acting on this, I bribed the clerk with 5*s.* to allow me to chip away part of the plaster; and, after two or three attempts, I found the keystone of an arch, on which were engraved the arms of an ancestor of one of the parties. This evidence decided the cause, and I ever afterwards had reason to remember, with some satisfaction, my having on that occasion broken the Ten Commandments.'"

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE.

Connection between Physiology and Intellectual Philosophy. On Man's Power over himself to prevent or control Insanity. Nos. 2 & 3 of *Small Books on Great Subjects*. By the Rev. J. BARLOW, M.A. Secretary of the Royal Institution, &c. London, Pickering.

THE numbers of this series which we noticed some few weeks since had for their more especial object the attainment of truth by inquiries into the moral and intellectual being of man, but these seek the same end through an accurate knowledge of the bodily machine, which is the medium and instrument for the development of the soul. By inquiry into the mental and moral wants of man, we are satisfied that, in spite of his close connection with the things of this world, and their influence upon him, he is made for the enjoyment of higher happiness than can be found here; that he will not fulfil the object of his existence, if he do not hold converse with the God who made him, and seek to fill his mind with the knowledge of his will, and conform his actions to his commands. So also a thorough study of physiology will shew us that, in spite of the manifold links which bind man to the animal creation, the numerous inlets which his physical frame affords to the influence of external accidental causes, he has that within him which the rest of the creation have not, a will to which the instincts of the animal yield obedience, by which circumstances may be moulded and controlled, and by virtue of which he becomes a moral and responsible being.

The most eminent physiologists of the present time classify the whole animated creation according to differences of the nervous system; which is more and more developed in each, till it arrives at its final perfection in man. Regarded, then, physiologically, man is in the class *Myelencephala*, or animals possessing a brain in a bony skull. The nervous mechanism of his body is divided into the sympathetic, or unconscious involuntary nerves of life; the sensitive, or the conductors of external and internal feelings to the brain; and the motor, or the conveyers of volition from the brain to the organs fitted for action. The rest of this class possess these distinct sets of nerves; but it may well be doubted whether the volition exerted by them is any thing more than the necessary contraction of the muscles consequent on received sensation. This is Dr. Mayo's opinion, and the author of the books now before us inclines to hold the same.

The nature and functions of these different classes of nerves are briefly but clearly explained. We cannot, of course, follow the author through the details, but we strongly recommend the work, as furnishing in a compact and intelligible form the elements of the science of physiology. The following passage will be admired for its forcible application of well-known phenomena of human character, and shew the bearing of physiological knowledge upon the propositions we stated at the commencement. It will form also an appropriate stepping-stone to the very interesting question discussed in the second of the works mentioned at the head of this article:—

"We have now traced the human animal through all parts of his structure; we have shewn first a system of ganglia and nerves springing from them, by means of which organic life is carried on, and appetites excited for its maintenance; we have further seen a set of nerves whose terminations are to be found at the base of the brain, which supply the senses by which man communicates with the external world; we have seen another apparatus within the cranium by which these sensations are weighed and examined, and the result of this examination transmitted finally to the motor nerves for execution; altogether forming the most perfect piece of machinery ever constructed; for these nice operations of thought are the work of fibres and fluids contained in them, merely set in motion by the impres-

sion made at one part, and thus transmitted through the whole series. Let us now consider the actions of this animal.

"The first instinctive impulse is to preserve life. Look at a wrecked vessel! There is one man there ordering and directing all on board; the only remaining boat is lowered; he is careful to see it filled with the persons crowded about him—it pushes off, and where is he? He is there on the deck of that sinking ship; the boat would not hold *all*, and he has refused a place in it, and remained to perish rather than sacrifice one life committed to his charge. He knows that death awaits him: he has been urged to save himself, and yet he is there! What is the impulse which prompts him thus to contravene the first great law of animated nature?

"Sleep, again, is among our most imperious needs, for the want of it gradually destroys life. There lies a sick man in his bed, senseless—in the last stage of an infectious fever; and there is one watching beside him, looking pale and exhausted, but who sleeps not, stirs not, though her young life is wasting away with fatigue and exposed to contagion; and she knows it, and has calculated that the same grave will receive both! What nerve of all that fine machinery has impelled her to this course?

"Look at the astronomer in his observatory! The night is far advanced, and he is chilled and fatigued; yet he remains with his eye at the telescope—for what? To carry on a series of observations which perhaps in two generations more may give as its result the knowledge of some great law of the material universe; but he will be in his grave long ere he can expect that it will be ascertained. He sits down to his calculations, and he forgets his meals, sees nothing, hears nothing, till his problem is solved! No sense prompts him to this sacrifice of rest and comfort. But do we call these persons insane? No—we honour them as the excellent of the earth: admire their lives, and wish that when the occasion comes, we may have courage so to die."

Man, then, possessing this will, and the structure of his bodily frame being such that his physical health is in numerous ways affected by the workings of his mind and feelings, it becomes an important and most interesting question whether he has "power over himself to prevent or control insanity," and what are the conditions requisite or most favourable to the exercise of this power.

Of late years, various causes have tended to produce a morbid desire, on the part of the public, to shield guilt under the plea of insanity. The revulsion of feeling consequent upon our old criminal code has been one important agent. The very advances of medical science have contributed to the same result. With some of the most skilful inquirers into the subject of insanity it has become an "idol of the den" to consider almost every one mad, or at least not quite sane. And then the idea of irresponsibility being necessarily connected with the term insanity, and other reasons, partaking of a religious character, giving currency to such an easy explanation of the folly and misconduct of mankind, it really began to be forgotten by these men that such a fact as "sin" existed in the world.

The commission of an offence without an adequate motive (as it was termed) proved insanity. Why, whose experience or self-knowledge is so small as not to have taught him that we all of us at times—aye, and frequently—act against all the dictates of common prudence, not to mention the higher motives of duty and conscience? But dare we call ourselves, therefore, *insane*?—*therefore irresponsible*? The same tendency was ridiculed by the acute Horace:—

*Quem mala stultitia et quemcunque inscitia veri
Cæcum agit, insanum Chrysippi, porticus et grex
Autumat, hæc populus hæc magnos formula reges
Excepto sapiente tenet.*

We were well pleased, therefore, to see this subject so ably treated by Mr. BARLOW in the work before us, and the view of man's own power, and consequent responsibility for its use, vindicated, not by arguments drawn from Scripture, but from facts, experience, and

the nature of the disease called insanity. He divides mental derangement into two grand classes—1. Morbid affections of the nervous system and brain; 2. Morbid affections of the intellectual force.

It is admitted that causes purely mental constantly produce disease of the organs, and it seems a reasonable inference that the same force must have some power in preventing or controlling disease. Nicholai for months preserved his reason under visionary and auditory delusions of no ordinary occurrence. So did Dr. Bostock. The reason was, that they would not believe in their existence—they claimed and would exercise the power and resolution to examine them. Similar are the instances of persons who for a time struggle against the belief of these delusions, and then at length yield, while others conquer them altogether. In the management of imbecile and insane persons, it is acknowledged that moral government can be obtained. Strange then, if by proper care, the same principle should not be applicable before they are reduced to the last stage of disease. We may admit that education is necessary to give this power; the individual who has habitually elevated his mind above the control of the passions will have gained one great protection against insanity; he who has also cultivated the powers of reflection, and has given his mind proper subjects for its employment, will be still more secure. Dr. Conolly says, "Whoever will converse with lunatics will soon be satisfied that a very small portion of them consists of persons whose talents have been regularly and judiciously cultivated."

Again,—the man who yields to the blind passion of the moment exhibits for a short time all the characteristics of a maniac—the flushed face, the rapid and violent language and gestures, and the unreasoning conclusion, but is he therefore excused in the eye of the law? Can we believe him to be irresponsible? We commend to the careful consideration of our readers the following passage, the truth of which each one can test for himself:—

"Should my position that the difference between sanity and insanity consists in the degree of self-control exercised appear paradoxical to any one, let him note for a short time the thoughts that pass through his mind, and the feelings that agitate him, and he will find that were they all expressed and indulged, they would be as wild, and perhaps as frightful in their consequences, as those of any madman. But the man of strong mind represses them, and seeks fresh impressions from without, if he finds that aid needful; the man of weak mind yields to them, and then he is insane."

The proper solution of the question here propounded has a most important bearing upon the punishment of criminals said to be insane or subject to delusions. We shall not enter upon it now, but merely observe, that if our author's views be correct, they strengthen materially the arguments used against the practice of allowing such to escape without punishment. We cannot, however, avoid noticing a practical illustration of their truth in the effect produced by Sir Peter Laurie committing several persons to the treadmill for attempting suicide. Had these succeeded, verdicts would have been brought of temporary insanity. The worthy alderman treated them as responsible beings. The example was effective. The number of suicides, which had been previously greatly on the increase, is rapidly diminished. An additional motive for self-control had been brought into operation.

But the author does not touch on this portion of the subject. He directs our attention more especially to the increased necessity of education; not teaching mere superficial accomplishments, but sound and healthy exercise of the reflective powers—the development of the whole moral and intellectual powers. How far the poor are deficient in this all know. But is not this other picture too true?—

"Are the rich better cared for? What advantage does the child receive from its educated parents? Its clothing is finer, its food more delicate; but during those six precious years when the brain is acquiring the bent which may form the character through life, it is consigned to the nursery, to the companionship of uneducated and misjudging, perhaps vicious, at any rate, uninterested persons: shut out, even more than the children of the poor, from the experience of life, with no conversation to stimulate the young brain to further development; no principles instilled; no curiosity gratified. A dull routine of lessons is perhaps carried on, taxing the tender organ beyond its powers, thus inducing instead of preventing disease, while the inquisitiveness, which seems the very instinct of childhood, and the attempt to reason on what is propounded are sternly repressed; obedience, not self-management, is enforced, and the child grows up, notwithstanding the show of learning or accomplishments, with an unregulated mind, ignorant of man's best knowledge, motiveless, and dependent on circumstances. The boy is then to be sent forth into a world full of difficulties, to sink or swim; to make a character for himself if he can. As well might troops begin to make their muskets when the enemy is in sight."

Although, following the author, we have purposely abstained from any arguments drawn from Revelation; yet, to avoid any misconception, we would state our conviction that the result of the minutest and most searching inquiries into physiology and the philosophy of the mind, will be in entire accordance with the precepts and doctrines already delivered authoritatively; and the more we pursue these inquiries, the more satisfied we shall be that moral and physical evil is the just punishment brought by man upon himself by the infraction of those precepts and disbelief in those doctrines. Instances of actual disease, arising from causes over which the individual has no control, must occur; still it must not be forgotten, that in numerous cases "man has power over himself to prevent and control insanity."

The London Medical Gazette. No. 868, for July 1844.
London. Longman and Co.

The Lancet. No. 20, for August 1844.

It must be admitted, that all the medical journals, the *Medical Times* excepted, are very hostile to mesmerism, vehemently protesting that it is entirely an imposture.

This fact is not unfrequently cited by unprofessional objectors as decisive testimony against its claims, not to credence alone, but to a hearing. But slight acquaintance with the history of science is sufficient to assure us that the argument is not a substantial one. Every great discovery was subjected to the same hostility, and worked its way to acceptance as a truth through the resolute opposition of almost all the established authorities of its time. The motion of the earth, the circulation of the blood, vaccination, geology, were assailed in turn with precisely the same weapons as now are wielded against mesmerism. Yet did they all achieve an ultimate triumph, and now they are admitted among the truths which no sane man questions.

But in the matter of mesmerism we do not ask any sceptic to abandon his scepticism on the mere assertion of any number of witnesses. We do not complain that a man who has not seen should refuse to believe it. We protest only against the irrational proceedings of those who condemn without seeing, deny without a hearing, and abuse those who have both seen and heard for putting faith in their own eyes and ears. If the senses are not to be trusted when used by intelligent men, what test of truth have we? How in any case can we be sure of any thing? How are the most ordinary affairs of life to be conducted? If the rule which the objectors to mesmerism persist in applying to it were to be enforced universally, all the business of life must come to a stand; no man could put faith in any assertion of any other man; the administration of justice itself must fail, because evidence would be impossible, and society must fall into anarchy.

Now we demand for the investigation of mesmerism nothing more than the application of the same principles as are employed in the ordinary business of life. We ask that it may

be judged as persons judge the occurrences in their daily occupations; as a jury judges a man accused of a crime, or decides a question that involves the fortunes of families. Nay, we require not even such a stretch of liberality as this; we will not claim of any man credence for testimony upon which he would not hesitate to hang a criminal: we do not ask him to put faith in that which any other man, or any number of men, assert that they have seen and heard; we call upon individuals only to defer judgment till they have the evidence of their own senses, directed by their own ingenuity, to guide that judgment, and to withhold censure, denial, and condemnation alike, until this rational proceeding has been adopted.

We call for inquiry, not for credence; and, until inquiry, for modest scepticism, instead of irrational, because unjust, denial.

The Lancet, and *The Medical Gazette*, have been among the most prominent of the opponents of mesmerism. We find no fault with them for that, but only for the manner of their opposition. It is lamentable to see journals professing to dedicate themselves to the advancement of physiological science, refusing to investigate an alleged discovery, which, if true, is of an importance that cannot be over-estimated. What would be the rational course which one honestly pursuing truth would adopt in such a case? When informed that such and such phenomena were exhibited, at various times and places, attested by multitudes of impartial and intelligent witnesses, which phenomena, if true, must throw light upon those branches of his science hitherto the most obscure; we ask, would not any fair and honest inquirer forthwith set himself to investigate by his personal observation and the application of all the tests his reason and experience could suggest, the reality of those alleged phenomena, and how much of them is true and how much false? Having thus done, he would be entitled to pronounce a judgment, and that judgment would be entitled to respect.

But not such are the proceedings of the conductors of the medical journals named above. They, the men who ought to be foremost to teach by their example how science should be pursued—that is, by *experiment*—are unhappily the leaders in an unnatural war against the advance of knowledge. They adopt the old fallacy for which they blame theologians, and assuming that certain established dogmas are necessarily true, they conclude that whatever is or appears to be inconsistent with them, must necessarily be false, and therefore unworthy even of inquiry. It might be supposed that, with the stories of Galileo, of Harvey, of Jenner, full in their memories, they would exercise more caution and exhibit more modesty.

The Lancet has been placarding the walls and the newspapers with an advertisement, announcing that it contained an exposure of the *clairvoyance* delusion practised by Alexis, contributed by Dr. Forbes. It was with no small anxiety that we awaited this revelation, because, having seen Alexis, and applied to him every test our ingenuity could devise, we were unable to discover any thing in the shape of fraud or collusion, and we were very curious to learn by what contrivance it was that hundreds of sagacious witnesses had been so deceived. It was added in *The Lancet* advertisement, that in consequence of these experiments of Dr. Forbes, Alexis had taken flight.

Now we know nothing of Alexis or his whereabouts, or if he has left London or why, but having read with attention the report in question, we are quite sure that it contains nothing that could drive him from the field. So far from being an exposure of a delusion, by shewing in what manner it was practised, it leaves the difficulty quite as great as before, and the utmost to which it amounts is that, when seen by Dr. Forbes, Alexis failed in many of the experiments. Not a word is said about those in which he succeeded; and yet, if he succeeded but in one, though he failed in fifty, that one is equally extraordinary, equally deserving of investigation, as if all had succeeded.

Before we examine this boasted detection more minutely, it may be as well to state, that the report in *The Lancet* is verbatim with that in the *Medical Gazette*, so that the witnesses against Alexis are not two, as the world is led to suppose, but one—to wit, Dr. Forbes.

Dr. Forbes opens his paper with a fair statement of his intentions. He says that he went with his mind open to conviction, but resolved to have the best evidence.

And let us admit that in the conduct of the experiments he appears to have proceeded fairly.

1. He first *admits* the extraordinary rigidity of the muscles. But, he adds, that anybody could do this with practice. Has he tried? If not, is it fair to meet a fact by a bare assertion?

2. He *admits* that Alexis “played at *écarté* with his eyes bandaged. He seemed to play readily and well, winning the game. He also told the cards, at times, in the partners’ hands; but he also repeatedly failed, and made glaring mistakes in his guesses.”

These are the doctor’s very words. Would not these admissions seem to establish the facts he denies? And how does he answer them? By the shabby evasion of expressing a doubt whether he could not see under the bandages. If he thought thus, why did not Dr. Forbes, as he was in duty bound to do, examine the bandage and satisfy himself. Or why, before he thus tried to answer a fact by a conjecture, did he not tie a similar bandage over his own eyes and try if he could play cards with rapidity and win the game, and tell the cards in his adversary’s hands? Then, and not till then, would Dr. Forbes have been justified in saying that *thus* the wonder was performed.

He omits altogether the fact that Alexis named the cards with equal readiness, though a book was placed as a screen between himself and his opponent, and that he played his own cards correctly as they lay upon the table with their backs upwards.

4. The next experiment was reading in a book *through* a certain number of pages. Dr. Forbes does *not* assert that this was not done by Alexis, he only says vaguely that the result was altogether inconclusive. 1st, because the words were not always immediately below the point; and, 2nd, that he turned over the leaves before the question was asked, and could have seen sideways.

Now what wretched trifling is this. Again, the best test would be a trial by Dr. Forbes himself. Let him turn twenty leaves as slowly as he pleases, and not sideways, but opened flat before him, and then let a spectator point to any spot, and we would wager fifty to one that the doctor would not name the words under that spot once in a hundred times.

5. He details various experiments referring to the power of reading words wrapped up in paper, in boxes, &c.

Colonel Gurwood produced a parcel; Alexis said it was a box. But it was a book. On being asked what it contained, he said some characters in writing. Dr. Forbes says he *may* have seen this. But here again is an attempt to answer a fact by a conjecture. That he answered rightly is certain; that he peeped is a vague assertion of a mere possibility. We ask if this be a philosophical mode of investigation?

A folded paper he did not read, and he offered to prick the dot of the *i* of one which contained no such letter. But these occasional failures give the best assurance of the reality of those which succeeded. Had there been imposture or collusion, there would have been no such failure, for he could have accomplished these experiments as easily as the others.

The next experiment exhibits the doctor’s unfairness most glaringly. A lady produced a box, and asked Alexis what it contained. He first said something gilded; then that it was a watch, with the glass broken. The lady said that could not be, for it was *not* broken when she put it in. On opening the box, the glass was found to be as Alexis had said. Dr. Forbes explains this by *conjecturing* that Alexis must have broken the glass himself!!

A gentleman then put a red morocco pocket-book between his two hands. Alexis told him it was a small thing, reddish, with white inside, that he so held. Cards were in it. The doctor admits there was some “small success” in this, but that it was “possibly a guess.” Again a *possibility* set up against a fact.

Dr. Forbes then tried a box he had himself brought. He admits that Alexis told him there was in it a word that ended in *ion*; but he was unable to make out the rest. The word was “discussion.” But before this is pronounced a failure it is necessary to know whether the word was so plainly written that a foreigner would be likely to distinguish the spelling, and it is to be remembered that, whatever the *modus operandi*, certain it is that the perceptions of objects invisible to the eye in its ordinary state are dim in proportion to the density of the

media through which they are seen. Hence the hesitations and occasional mistakes of the patient.

But the doctor concludes this report with a candid remark, that "even now I only avow myself a sceptic or doubter, not an utter disbeliever—as to mesmerism." This is all that can be required of anybody. A minute report is added in the *Lancet* of a second exhibition. On this occasion, Alexis was not blind-folded. A large music-book was placed between him and his adversary at *écarté*, and this is the doctor's report of the results:—

"*First Game.*—Alexis made a mistake in commencing the first hand, by desiring his opponent to play a *spade*, and he stated that his opponent had four trumps in his hand, when he had not one. In the second hand, Alexis said that his opponent had the ten, which he had not; but he stated, also, that he had two trumps, which was correct; and also that he had the seven, which again was correct. In the third hand he was again mistaken with regard to the trump card, which he said was a diamond, when it was a *spade*; but although he was wrong in regard to the trumps, the cards afterwards fell as he had previously said they would fall. In the next hand the trump turned up he said was a heart when it was a *spade*. He then asked for five cards, when he only required three. In the next hand Alexis was correct in statements four times, but was wrong in three.

"*Second Game.*—In commencing the next game, Alexis was mistaken in the trump, and also in the number of cards wanted; and, on the whole hand, he was twice correct and twice in error. In the second hand the cards were played with their faces downwards, when Alexis was again mistaken in the trump. In the third hand he was mistaken in the number of cards wanted, and he stated he had played a red card when he had played a black one. He now threw up his hand on the supposition that his opponent had the best cards, when, in fact, he himself had the means of winning the game, having the odd trick in his own hand."

Again, we say, that no guessing could accomplish this. Let any person who questions it try if by mere guess he would be as often right as Alexis was admitted to be. The mistakes are obviously those which would be made by a person who perceived imperfectly, not by a mere guesser at truth.

On this occasion many experiments were tried upon the alleged power of naming words in books at a point touched. Some of these failed; but others succeeded, and one of them in a remarkable manner.

On this occasion he failed also to read some papers inclosed in boxes.

But these are no proofs of a fraud. All who have seen mesmerism are aware that its powers vary vastly, not only at different seasons, but almost from moment to moment, and the perceptions are sometimes as dull as they are at other times acute. Enough of its rationale is not known to enable us to ascertain the conditions under which it operates, and therefore to judge it fairly. Any number of failures do not affect its truth, provided any one of its phenomena be real, and it is by what it does, and not by what it fails to do, that the science, if we may so term it, is to be tried. Dr. FORBES fairly admits this in his concluding comments.

"In several cases, both on the present and former occasions, his guesses (if such they were), even when not correct, came curiously near the truth,—as, for instance, when he named the exact number of letters in the word in the envelope. The failures and blunders, however, were so egregious, and so unaccountable, on the hypothesis of the existence of a *through-seeing* faculty, that they must stagger the most credulous when fairly examined. Still, as was observed on the former occasion, the results being only negative, prove nothing more than that nothing was proved. It only remains for the mesmerists to adduce one or two positive unequivocal proofs, to put aside all our negative ones. Such proof, however, is, I believe, yet to be exhibited; and until it is exhibited unequivocally,—that is, under similar guards and precautions as the failures now recorded took place,—I, for one, must still remain a doubter at the very least."

If Alexis and public exhibitors who may have an interest in imposture were the only instances of the phenomena of mesmerism, we should look upon them with even more suspicion than Dr. FORBES. But inasmuch as they are displayed daily by hundreds of persons in private life of both sexes, of all ranks, and of every age, whose motives must be beyond suspicion, and who could not have been trained to fraud, there is the less cause to doubt the truth of the exhibitor, and every reason for urging that patient investigation which it is the object of the society proposed in our pages some months ago

to pursue with unbiassed mind, and with no foregone conclusion either favourable or hostile to phenomena which are certainly too important to be neglected.

The Pencil of Nature. By H. FOX TALBOT, Esq., F.R.S., &c. &c. No. I. London, 1844. Longman and Co.

WE are in doubt whether to treat this as a contribution to Science or to Art, for it will be eagerly sought by the lovers of both.

Mr. FOX TALBOT, as is well known, has strong claims to the honour of having first invented the art of Photography, for which M. Daguerre has succeeded in reaping the rewards. Certain* it is, that if the Frenchman did not borrow his first notions of it from the Englishman, we had the singular coincidence of this most interesting invention occurring to two minds at very nearly the same moment. But, in candour it must be admitted that, if the first thought belongs to Mr. TALBOT, the perfection of the process is wholly due to M. Daguerre.

The work of which the opening number lies before us is an extraordinary one. It is the first attempt to publish a series of plates or pictures wholly executed by the new art of Photogenic drawing, without any aid whatever from the artist's pencil. Mr. TALBOT introduces the specimens with a succinct narrative of the origin and progress of his discovery, and of the process by which he has brought it to the perfection shewn in the five pictures which the part contains. The subjects are judiciously varied so as to exhibit different effects. First, we have a view of a part of Queen's College, Oxford; then a view of the Boulevards at Paris; next, four rows of articles of china, in which the patterns are shewn on the paper with exquisite minuteness; then, some articles of glass, in like manner, so perfect that no human pencil could hope to imitate them; and, lastly, a bust of Pætroclus, which beautifully exhibits the power of the instrument in the reproduction of the effects of light and shade. When it is remembered that each of the pictures in this part is the handiwork of nature, and not a copy by an artist's hand, their great value will be acknowledged. M. Daguerre's process is a costly one and demands a silvered plate for each subject. By Mr. TALBOT's process the pictures are not formed upon metal, but upon paper prepared at a very trifling cost, and the results are bolder and more pleasing to the eye, if less perfect, than those of the Daguerreotype. And it is a very great recommendation of it, that for a few pence a faithful representation can be taken of any place or object it may be desirable to preserve. How exquisitely it may be done is shewn by the five specimens here given. We heartily recommend this work to our readers, and we shall look with interest for the succeeding numbers of it.

FICTION.

Cecil, von Ida Gräfin Hahn-Hahn. (Cecil, by Countess HAHN-HAHN.) Berlin, 1844.

CÆCIL, the brother of Sigismund Forster, whose life and love we lately reviewed, is one of Madame HAHN-HAHN's best productions. In opposition to Sigismund, of whom we know nothing until he appears before us as a student at Bonn, we follow Cecil from his earliest childhood, and mark the development of his powers, until that more tardy development of the heart is also accomplished. It were needless here to enter into an exposition of Madame HAHN-HAHN's charms and peculiarities, they have been sufficiently treated of before, therefore we will at once give as complete a detail of Cecil's fortunes and follies as our space will permit. His aunt, an accomplished and high-minded English-

woman, with a family of several daughters, desires Cecil may be sent to her, and many little circumstances render his family indifferent to his absence.

"Sigismund was certainly the father's favourite, and, therefore, of more consequence than all else in the house; the mother followed his example. Cecil, four years younger than Sigismund, suffered the more under his dominating disposition, as he himself possessed both strong inclinations and propensities for dictating, and a high idea of his own talents. When he perceived, young as he was, that he never personally could outdo Sigismund with his parents, he gave himself inexpressible trouble to attain it by his mental powers. The child learned and laboured with an eagerness and an energy far beyond his years, yet he always saw Sigismund before him in the class, with a difficult book. He thought not of the difference of four years in their ages, a difference so great in childhood, and yet for that reason, so unwillingly recognized, inasmuch as their highest exertion is to be among the great, the *grown-up*. 'When I am old' is the magic sentence wherein childhood lays all his paradise dreams, unconscious that at that very time they cannot be. So it is with mankind, in the future or in the past he places his paradise, namely, happiness, and the utmost he ever gains of it, that he perpetually desires it."

Under these circumstances Cecil is without difficulty sent away, and warmly welcomed by the affectionate aunt and cousins. He remains with them many years, enjoying every advantage of cultivation and education that attention and judgment can afford him. At Christmas he always visits his family, "in order that the pleasures of this joyous festival might cast an additional halo over the family circle, from which, under no consideration, would the good aunt have estranged him." In the course of time he is sent to Heidelberg, where his talents and perseverance raise him to the first among students, and gain him the great esteem and approbation of the professors. "In them he respected age, knowledge, experience, rank, condition, all that he did not possess himself, but would gain with time; but among his companions he saw nothing higher or beyond himself. So it happened, that while all elderly people praised and admired him, and wished him well, to all the young men he was as unbearable as he was pleasing to the girls. He worked with iron industry, a great rarity in one of brilliant powers. In general, talent disdains labour."

From Heidelberg he travelled to England, then home to his beloved foster-mother. He is now sent to Berlin to continue his studies. An old friend of his father had lately been appointed foreign minister there, and, with letters to him, he again sets forth on his path. "The minister did not place much faith in the paternal recommendations; he had no high idea of such youthful marvels, which almost always turn out very common-place men, and seem merely to leap beyond their twenty years only the sooner to disappear after thirty. But Cecil's appearance, manners, and conversation converted the unpleasant ideal he had formed into admiration and affection." To his son Cecil proves as true a friend as good-will on both sides without any similarity of character, can ever produce. Of his daughter he in time becomes a warm admirer. Nandine, who from her father and brother only heard of Cecil as the best and finest of promising young men, soon returned his affection, and, greatly to her mother's horror, but with the sensible consent of her father, is betrothed to him. The lovers, however, are not to communicate with each other until a year has proved their affection. That time passes with nothing to disturb it, but the probation is renewed. Nandine travels with her mother and brother, while Cecil remains hard at work at Berlin. Time passes, and with it Cecil's devotion. Nandine returns, worn out with "hope deferred," her mother's importunities and remonstrances, faded, dejected, and broken in health, though not in heart; but the last soon follows; for she sees at once she is not welcome to Cecil. His mind had advanced in the last two years; Nandine's remained where it had ever been, and

he began to discover that self-interest had had no small share in his young affection for the minister's daughter. Suddenly he began to entertain the idea he was too young to marry; he was not yet six-and-twenty. To marry her now seemed to him impossible, quite impossible, for his life was moving upwards towards its full unfolding, and hers—backwards.

Disappointment, added to her failing health, brought on a rapid decline, and Nandine was soon declared to be dying.

"Cecil suffered much. Watchful and silent he sat by her, mindful of every day's increasing weakness; but his heart never ceased its reproaches.

"He began to think he had more misfortunes than other men, whereas he should have said he did more to bring it upon himself. There was one moment when the physician ventured to utter a slight hope for her—then Cecil's first feeling was heart-felt joy: he would be free from blame; the rest was despair; he felt himself chained to the unhappy girl. But this time fate was merciful. It removed Nandine.

"'Cecil,' she said, one evening, when he was alone with her, it was the first word she had spoken for ten days.

"'I am here, Nandine; but do not speak,' he answered.

"'But I must indeed talk to you, for once; and you must let it be now.'

"His features worked with inexpressible anxiety. He feared reproaches, complaints, and he shrank as a coward from them. He stammered, half-trembling, 'The physician will not have it.'

"'Oh, he!' she said, carelessly, 'he cannot help me, and so he need not prescribe for me. But you must promise me one thing, dear Cecil.'

"She extended her thin white hand towards him; he laid his own tenderly in it.

"'You must promise me,' she continued, 'that hereafter you will love; will once forget yourself, my beloved Cecil; for to live in another is alone true love.'

"'You are cruel, Nandine,' said he, scarce audibly. 'Do you think, then, that I have not always believed you to be the angel that you are?'

"'Oh! I say it not for my sake, my poor Cecil, only for yours. I fear hereafter for your soul, if your heart perishes among the ice-rocks of the world. Now, death is welcome to me. Living, I could never melt your heart; my love was not strong enough; but dead, I shall live in you as a sad but tender remembrance, and perhaps that will guard your heart from hardening. Oh, Cecil! think on me! think on the thousand tears which I have wept for you, and they will flow through your soul like a spring shower, and flowers may bloom from them. Think on the love which has dwelt in my heart as in a sad prison, and restrain it not, if such another should meet you.'

"'Will you revenge yourself, Nandine?' asked he, white as death, and still trembling.

"'The dead only know of forgiveness,' returned she, 'and I am dying already. In Heaven there is nought but love, and thither I am going. I only wished to tell you a truth on my death-bed, that you may never forget it. Do not be angry with me for it. I love you—I forgive you—and yet you are not to blame. I was not a good daughter, and how then should you expect a good wife in me!'

"'Cease, Nandine!' cried Cecil, imploringly; 'cease, I cannot bear this.'

"She was silent with fear. He continued more softly—'Blame me—I deserve it, not you—so little as you have done wrong towards your mother, who proved it by at last fulfilling your wish, so little wrong have you done towards me. I am not worthy of you. I feel it, and blame myself for it. Do you not see that I am broken-hearted?'

"He flung himself down near her bed, and buried his face in the covering to stifle his convulsive sobs, and hide his tears.

"'Not so, not so,' said she, gently; 'let me see your face—your dear eyes, and say once, beloved Nandine. The kind glance—the sweet sound I will take away with me—nothing else, Cecil.'

"He raised himself, and gazed upon her with such deep earnestness, and uttered her name with such sweet tenderness, that she sighed painfully—

"'Oh, how hard is death!—Had you only looked so at me—so spoken to me before this—perhaps—yet thank you, dear Cecil; now I will sleep a little, and always, always, dream of you!'

* * * * *

"There was great mourning in the house of the minister. The only daughter—the lovely girl was gone; one would have believed that all survivors had lost the bloom of life in Nandine. Such lamentations arose—such sorrow was seen—and yet no one truly missed her!—only the father's heart felt desolate. Cecil severely reproached himself, and felt repentance—but not real

sorrow for her loss. * * * * After six weeks there remained little remembrance of Nandine beyond the mourning-clothes. Man lives! a few days and how soon is he forgotten. Man dies!—a few days, and soon is he forgotten; and yet he loves life, wherein there is nothing lasting but the past!"

His next object is to gain the secretaryship in Copenhagen; but, in spite of the minister's influence, Cecil is unsuccessful, in consequence of an imprudent contradiction of the ambassador on the subject of imposts. The ambassador's nephew is appointed instead of Cecil, who, in his own mind, ascribes his failure to the minister's want of energy, which seems to him paralysed by Nandine's death. A day or two after he meets the new secretary at a dinner, when some difference arises, which, aided by the free use of wine, brings Cecil and his rival to an open rupture, only to be settled by a duel. Cecil is wounded, and his opponent killed. For this he is sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, or rather confinement, a punishment generally commuted to three or four. To this he summons his strength of mind, resolving to apply himself arduously in his retirement, and keep himself from all disturbances in acquaintance and so-called friends.

Some years previously to this he had made the acquaintance of Renata, Countess Dobeneegg, the elder sister of our former acquaintance, Ignaz Adlercorns. She had been married when very young to Egon, Count Dobeneegg, a young man quiet and tractable in disposition; but infirm in body, and of weak health and weaker intellect. Renata, a character mild and firm, had been led by peculiar circumstances to constitute herself his guardian. During the first few years of her marriage, while his mother lived, her solitary condition produced no peculiar effects upon her mind; but after the mother's death, devoted to her so-called husband only by compassion, conscientiousness, and love for the memory of his parent, her position became mournful and heart-rending indeed.

In Renata, Madame Hahn-Hahn has displayed her peculiar triumph in delineation of the heart—its aspirations, its struggles, its despair and resignation. About six years after her marriage she becomes acquainted with a young Hungarian noble, to whose acquaintance she is led by sympathy in music, and before long they love each other. Emmerich, "like a man," as says Madame Hahn-Hahn, endeavours by persuasion, reproaches, all the means in his power, to induce her to leave the simple Egon; but Renata is too noble-minded to be moved from her own well-formed resolutions, and thinks "love should make us better and purer, not be used as an excuse for sin and error." Still their acquaintance continues, hoping for circumstances which may cast some light on their way. Cecil first met with Renata before Nandine's death, and was interested more with her than any woman he had ever seen. The second time was during his travels in the south of Europe, when he again saw her at Vienna.

"He stood too far to hear what she said to those near her, as they addressed her; but her manner, her bearing, her movements, appeared to him, as if a queen's mantle were thrown around her. Suddenly a change passed over her face—an expression of delight—and the queen became a goddess.

"He followed her glance, and it fell on that of a man who had just entered, of dignified and noble appearance. Cecil inquired who he was, and heard in answer an Hungarian name. Without hesitation, Cecil advanced to Renata, with the chance of not being recognized. The stranger was talking with her, and he wished to disturb them—nothing else. As he pronounced her name, the Hungarian stepped quietly aside, and Renata looked at Cecil as though she had suddenly fallen from heaven to earth, strange and cold."

Cecil's detention in Glogau, which endured for four years, passed over without any event of direct importance to himself. He returned to Berlin and his kind friend the minister, who made him secretary to the Legation in

Frankfort. On his journey there he visited his family, but Cecil did not feel himself at home.

"They were all together in Magdeburg, with his sister Augusta. She was so full of pretension! she had certain manners characterized as elegant, which, in her position, struck him as ridiculous; and he endeavoured to prove to her that she was by no means elegant because she had a velvet gown, which she wore perhaps twice in the winter, or because in the evening she wore a handsome lace pelerine, and in the morning contented herself with a handkerchief tied round her neck. Such expressions displeased her greatly, for she prided herself not a little, that she combined the usefulness of the domestic with the elegant, and Cecil's observation placed this latter qualification rather in doubt."

"Sigismund impressed him now as ever by his calmness of character, and its earnest direction, his simple ambition, merely to be an upright honest man: while he himself principally desired to preserve his position with brilliancy. Sigismund never thought of shining—Cecil always.

"With his aunt it was otherwise! There he was at home. She sounded chords in his heart, which to all men and all misfortunes were dumb. He had perfect confidence in her, and never feared to appear before her with all his faults and follies.

"You have no love, Cecil!" said she, sadly to him, after a long participation in all he had gone through these last four years.

"Where shall I find it, heart's-mother?" asked he.

"You must not seek out of yourself, my child, but within. Devotion, self-sacrifice, ardour we must have, if we would not be chilled into egotism—I mean, love. * * * You go forth now independent into life; you have gained both the inward and outward self-confidence which you wanted; you are matured by experiences of many kinds; you have, if not gained much, overcome much, and perhaps that gives higher content; you have fine, glorious gifts; and yet I have no confidence in your future."

"And rightly; for I have no good fortune."

"All say so, who know not how to nourish the heavenly blossom of happiness."

"And what does it require, then, if the unceasing efforts of my whole youth, of half my life, are not able to accomplish it?" said Cecil, excited.

"It requires love, Cecil!" said she, softly; "love for the child of God's creation. Oh, Cecil! that you must learn; love God, love mankind, or one being—love something more than yourself, my son."

"And will there, then, be no more pain, no more deception, no more blindness, no more death? Would the heart suffer less, and not break?"

"No," she said; "it will suffer—it may break; but in the hand of God, my son!"

In Frankfort he again meets Renata, at the house of her sister-in-law, in mourning for the death of her husband, and in great unhappiness and misery. Some months previously, Emmerich's mother, desirous beyond every thing for her son's marriage, and aware of his love for Renata, wrote to her, begging she would release her son by some means or other from his anxious and hopeless affection, and request him to marry. Renata, seeing no possible happiness for them in the future, had done as the mother desired. And Emmerich was married. Six months after, Egon died in a fit, and Renata was free. Worn out in mind and heart, she is a wreck of her former self, when Cecil again meets her at Frankfort. Here their acquaintance is brought to an intimacy by the sad duel between their brothers, Sigismund Forster and Ignaz Adlercorns. Cecil's growing interest becomes love, and some time afterwards, at Nice, he has induced Renata to promise to become his wife, and accompany him to Rome, where he had been lately appointed resident. The next day brings her a note in Emmerich's well-known hand. "His wife is dead; they are both free, and may be happy." The unfortunate Renata, still Emmerich's in heart and soul, in the midst of seemingly deepest woe, meets with deeper yet. Emmerich is killed by an avalanche in crossing the Alps. Heartbroken, she returns to Germany, and Cecil departs alone for Rome; feeling that his beloved foster-mother was right when she said, "with love the heart will suffer, it may break; but in the hand of God, my son!"

A future work may bring Cecil again before us. Tosca Beiron is once referred to as married; which, perhaps,

though natural, injures somewhat our last idea of the suffering amiable woman. Do we sympathize with the happy? We only regret these delightful works are so little known in England, and are surprised that, among the many translations of every kind now appearing, none of Madame Hahn-Hahn's have been among the number. A spirited, faithful translation, would, in our opinion, insure success.

The Grandfather. By the late Miss ELLEN PICKERING. London, 1844. Newby.

WE do every thing now in a hurry. We build in a hurry, manufacture in a hurry, get over elections in a hurry, travel in a hurry, write in a hurry. Scott set the example by rushing at the rate of sixteen pages per diem through the Waverley series. Galt, James, Hook, Horace Smith, Bulwer, Marryat, Cooper, D'Israeli, Mrs. Gore, and Mrs. Trollope immediately put on high pressure, too; while Dickens, Miss Pardoe, Miss Pickering, and other clever writers, followed in the race. Hence the host of talented, but ill-considered productions which have inundated the press. In fact, no writer of novels since Edgeworth has done justice to his powers. To a few gigantic imaginations alone has the faculty of grasping a plot in all its bearings at a glance been accorded. It is not every writer who can strike off at a heat such a novel as Guy Mannering—a prodigious effort, requiring the *clairvoyance* of an Alexis, and by far the most complicated, most comprehensive, and perhaps the most perfect, considered as a composition, of all the Waverley novels.

The Grandfather is neither better nor worse than the generality of the late Miss PICKERING's productions. The story lies in a nut-shell. Mrs. Fitzallan dies in an obscure village, where she is not known, leaving an infant daughter. Her maid deserts the child, carrying off her late mistress's jewels and papers; thus cutting off all clue to the connections of the poor orphan, who is taken under the joint protection of the housekeeper at Castle Coombe and the rector, who superintends her education. In due course a mutual attachment springs up between Amy Fitzallan and Cecil Gray, the grandson of the rector, who consents that Cecil shall marry his bewitching, but somewhat wayward *protégée*, as soon as he has won a suitable home to take her to. The Earl of Castle Coombe, with his family, who have hitherto resided on the continent, now arrive, and Cecil becomes jealous of the heir-apparent, Lord Dunorven, who grows enamoured of our heroine, but is beloved in his turn by Clara St. Aubyn, whose life he had saved. A very pretty piece of embarrassment ensues, which is increased by the presence of a Mr. Ormington, a sort of Penrudduck, who appears to sway everybody's destinies, and delights in holding the sword of Damocles over the heads of all parties. The accidental death of the earl, who is thrown from his horse, only appears to increase the general misery, which is at length put an end to by the discovery that Mr. Ormington is Amy's grandfather. This gentleman now permits his flinty heart to be softened—does what is required, and very complaisantly dies out of the way. Cecil then marries Amy, and Lord Dunorven in due time offers his hand to Clara.

The principal merits of this work consist in the purity of its style, the graceful playfulness of its humour, the justness of its sentiments, and the clearness with which the characters are individualized. The heroine, in particular, is very cleverly hit off. Her feelings, on the return of her lover after a long absence, are thus touchingly described:—

"And now he has taken his seat beside her, and they are chattering merrily together as of old. Amy feels quite glad when he turns away to converse with his grandfather, because she can then look at him unobserved. And how proud she is of him, thinking, as well she might, that there can scarcely be

his equal in the whole world! How eloquently, as it seems to that simple girl, does the future barrister discourse upon every theme! How wise he has grown in matters of which she knows nothing, not even the name! How should she? for what has a woman to do with politics? What a light seems to shine upon his high, intellectual brow, and in his dark earnest eyes! And what a brilliant smile is perpetually flitting over his somewhat haughty lip! And now that she is used to it, she thinks that he looks all the better for being pale, or, at least, a thousand times more intellectual, and so there gradually blends with her former love for him, that deep reverence which forms the firmest bond of union between the sexes. A man may love, and far oftener than not does love, one beneath him in point of intellect. But it seems as natural for a woman to look up to the object of her affection, as the flower to the moon, the glowworm to the star, or any other pretty and poetical image which may occur to the memory or imagination of our gentle readers."

Young ladies! mark the following:—

"A woman's heart is a precious volume, which it were prudent in her to keep half-closed, even from the perusal of those she loves best in the world, and those hidden glimpses will serve to enhance its value in their eyes."

We close our notice of the last production of this estimable and talented lady with an extract consolatory to those who lament her:—

"How delightful it is to pray for those we love; and to be sure that God hears and will do better for us and them than either we desire or deserve."

Maurice of Saxony; an Historical Romance. By

Mrs. COLQUHOUN. In 3 vols. Newby.

HISTORICAL romance is not the province of the female pen. It is, we will not say, beyond the capacity of woman, but out of the sphere of her experience. Mrs. BRAY's are the best specimens we have yet seen; but how tame and unreal are they. Correct in costume, in the accessories, and in the facts; truthful to time and place, yet they fail to please, because there is no life in them: the men and women are not creatures of flesh and blood.

Mrs. COLQUHOUN surpasses Mrs. Bray in vividness of portraiture of character, and it must be confessed that she has almost vindicated her sex from the charge of inability to master a genuine historical romance. Her automatons are very like life, but are not quite life itself. She displays great spirit in the style of her composition, and her romance is the most readable work of its kind we have seen for many a month. We can confidently recommend it to the circulating library as sure to please its readers.

The plot is laid at the siege of Magdeburg, in 1550, at the time of the surrender of the fortress to the Elector by Albert Mansfeldt, its commander. The time enables the authoress to introduce most of the great men of the age, and to draw a lively picture of its manners. She surrounds one of her heroes (for she has two) with a mystery from the moment of introduction, and maintains it to the last without flagging; and it is impossible at the beginning to anticipate the conclusion. Few, we suspect, who take up *Maurice of Saxony* will lay it down until they have explored to the end; and that is a test of merit.

PERIODICALS.

The North American Review. No. 124, for July, 1844. Boston, U. S.

FOREIGN Reviews are interesting, not only as they shew what the people of other countries think of themselves, but what is their opinion of us. Everybody knows that an individual is an incompetent judge of his own writings or speakings; and nations are no less partial

in their estimates of national literature. We must go abroad to learn the truth, and if we would but listen patiently to what strangers say of us, we might derive vast advantages from their plain-speaking, by setting ourselves to amend the faults and follies of which they accuse us.

Thus deeming that a direct advantage will be derived from it, and no trifling sum of amusement, while it will be in strict accordance with the design of a Journal of Literature, it is the purpose of THE CRITIC to introduce to its readers the foreign Reviews, which will help them to a knowledge of what mind is doing abroad, and indicate to them what it ought to be doing at home.

We have just received the last published part of *The North American Review*, the ablest of the periodicals of the United States, and as it is likely to be seen but by few of our readers, we shall notice its contents at some length.

Its opening article is startling. In the advertisements it is entitled "A Roland for an Oliver;" but the name on the title-page is "The Morals, Manners, and Poetry of England." To make this very clever essay intelligible, it is necessary to premise that the *Foreign Quarterly Review* for January last published an article on "The Poets and Poetry of America," which, from beginning to end, consisted of abuse of America and her people, written in that one-sided spirit of partisanship which is so detestable a characteristic of a certain class of writers in this country. Taking the design of the English reviewer, the frame-work of his essay, and almost the very words, the American reviewer has turned the tables, and collected in this article all the evidence that is to be adduced against the morals, the manners, and the poetry of England, precisely as the English reviewer had done of America, exhibiting, of course, the opposite side of the question only. And he makes out so strong a case that he will, we hope, succeed in putting a stop to that sort of one-sided and indiscriminate advocacy with which the press is abased, and by which national jealousies and hatreds are bred and fostered.

The article opens with a notice of the early history of Britain and its "barbarous" people. This is done in a very amusing strain.

Of the religion of our ancestors it is remarked,

"The early Druidical religion or superstition of these barbarians left its imprint on the national character, and may be traced to the present day. The ancient hierarchy, like the modern, had the exclusive right to teach the doctrines of religion, which they inculcated in verses that sometimes had a hidden meaning; the modern Druids make no verses, and their sermons sometimes have no meaning at all. In other respects, they are very much the same; like their predecessors, they utter terrible curses on all who dissent from them; they advocate the keeping of religious knowledge from the people, especially at the great Druidical establishment of Oxford, where the ancient superstitious rites are maintained with a punctilious observance worthy of the darkest ages. They insist on having the exclusive control of the education of the young; and so great is their power, that, under its influence and the terror of their infuriated denunciations, a reformed House of Parliament recently refused to make a grant of money for a system of national education, unless it should be placed entirely under the direction of the modern Druids, the priests of the established church;—so priest-ridden have the inhabitants of that Tin island been from the days of Cæsar and Tacitus."

To these ancestors are attributed all the bad features of our national character, and, of course, it is not the reviewer's province to describe the good ones. To the early conquest of the native people he attributes the existing veneration for rank.

"Hence, an Englishman's coldness and reserve,—his sulkiness in mixed society,—his repulsive manner towards strangers,—his overbearing treatment of domestics and dependents,—his horror at the idea of dining at a *table d'hôte*, or of

travelling in a crowded conveyance, where he might find himself 'cheek by jowl' with an inferior. He manifests all the petty jealousy of a man who is himself half conscious that his factitious claims to respect and distinction are vastly above his real merits. He is punctilious in exacting all the little observances of station and etiquette, in order that this mortifying consciousness may not be increased by the apparent insensibility of the world around him to his absurd pretensions. Hence, also, the discomposure that he suffers when he becomes a traveller, and finds the people of continental Europe or of this country not at all inclined to respect those arbitrary distinctions of social life on which so much stress is put in his own petty island. All the world laughs at a travelling John Bull and his ridiculous humours; his pride and his mortifications; his *hauteur* and his gullibility; his insolence and his ignorance. The polite Frenchman shrugs his shoulders and laughs at the haughty airs of 'Mi lord,' and compares him to his own *bouledogue*; the supple Italian cheats him and despises him; the independent Yankee pesters him with questions, annoys him with cool sarcasm when he becomes testy, and treads most remorselessly on the corns of his self-esteem and his prejudices. Bull is obliged to suffer it all, and only finds his revenge, after he returns home, by writing a book to prove that all the nations of the earth are a set of Yahoos, except the inhabitants of enlightened England."

The absurdly exaggerated respect for mere birth which prevails in England is thus happily ridiculed:—

"A writer in a late number of the *Edinburgh Review* speaking in the name of the English nation, observes, with admirable complacency, 'We have a sound, rational, philosophical respect for birth.' Of course, this profoundly respectful feeling is entertained only on account of the high moral qualities that are invariably displayed by men of noble blood. We will mention a few facts, therefore, that may throw some light on the moral character of the nobility of England; and, that the examples may not appear obscure or far-fetched, we will begin with royalty itself. George the Fourth, and his brother, the Duke of Cumberland and present King of Hanover, were probably the most profligate men in Great Britain. The character of the former was marked with almost every stain of moral turpitude that can dishonour and degrade a human being; the latter was charged, and that not obscurely, with crimes at which human nature revolts. Before he came to the throne, the former was expelled from the Jockey Club for his dishonest practices; he put a lie into the mouth of his champion in the House of Commons, in regard to his marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert; he appeared as a beggar at the bar of that House, for money to pay the immense debts that he had incurred in his career of gambling, intemperance, and debauchery; he was guilty of the meanest and foulest ingratitude towards his early friend Sheridan; he persecuted his wife to the death for incontinence, after he had separated from her without cause, and given her a 'letter of license,' and while, in his own private life, he was emulating the orgies of Tiberius at Capree. All the world knows the history of that disgusting trial, when a queen of England was brought to the bar of the House of Peers for adultery."

Again,

"The next illustration of the morals of the royal family is even a more notorious one; for the affair was investigated by Parliament, and the full and damning proof may be found in the published 'Debates.' One of the most stately monuments that now arrest the attention of the stranger in London is a circular column of stone, that rises to a great height in a fine situation, on the border of one of the parks. If the traveller asks what is its object, he is told that it was erected in honour of the Duke of York, another brother of George the Fourth, and one who was for a long time commander-in-chief of the British armies. If he asks further, by what virtuous or heroic deeds the Duke merited this high station during life, and this splendid and enduring monument to his memory, the answer is to be found in the proceedings of the House of Commons in 1809. He was then charged with allowing the profligate Mrs. Clarke, who had long been his mistress, to dispose of commissions in the army by bargain and sale; and in the investigation that followed, all the essential parts of the accusation were fully established. His connection with this abandoned

woman was admitted, and British officers were not ashamed to confess, that they had purchased of her their promotion, which she had obtained by her influence with the Duke. He was compelled to resign the command of the army, but before two years had passed, a venal ministry reinstated him in office. To complete this picture of the royal family, we need only mention the guilty connection of the Duke of Clarence, another of these brothers, with the actress Mrs. Jordan. The base-born offspring of this shameless union were placed by their father, when he became king of England, among the nobles of the land; and the Fitz Clarences are still conspicuous in the English church, in fashionable society, and at the court of the youthful Queen."

Our morals are illustrated by reference to a multitude of cases which have occupied the columns of the newspapers during the last two years. As a consequence,

"When the nation is afflicted with such licentious kings and nobles, and such a profligate clergy, it is not surprising that immorality and crime should prevail to such a frightful extent among the lower classes. The aristocracy, with all the brutality which they inherited from their marauding ancestors, endeavoured to suppress these evils among their serfs, by the terrible severity of the punishments which they enacted. Nothing could equal the appalling character of the criminal code of England during the last century, except the number and the atrocity of the crimes against which it was directed. The laws of Draco were not half so bloody; the American Indian shewed less ingenuity in torturing his prisoner at the stake. A hundred and twenty crimes were punishable with death; and Dr. Southey affirmed, in 1807, that 'more persons annually suffered death in England than in the whole of Christendom besides.' The parricide and the fire-raiser were dragged to the scaffold, together with the poor thief who had stolen only a sheep, and the girl who had filched a few yards of lace from a shop. A criminal who refused to plead was laid upon his back, and enormous weights piled upon his breast till he was pressed to death. Women were burned alive at the stake for the same offences for which men were only hanged. As late as 1763, Mary Heald was burned alive at Chester, in England, for poisoning her husband. Mrs. Hayes, a murderess, was burned at London, about a century ago, and a crowd stood around, listening to her screams, and watching her vain efforts to push away the fagots. Indeed, there seems to be a mania among these brutal islanders for witnessing public executions. When one is to take place in London, the householders near the spot make large profits by letting out their windows to spectators, and noblemen and ladies of rank are their best customers. Lord William Paget and some ladies of his acquaintance were accommodated in this way at the recent execution of Courvoisier."

There is but too much truth in the following, as recent events have proved:—

"The barbarous character of the English appears, also, in the brutal sports which are indigenous in the island. The baiting of bulls and bears, it is true, is not common now, though it was much in vogue in the last century. But their proficiency in horse-racing and boxing is still the glory of Englishmen. To their eagerness for the former even their absurd pride of rank gives way; and on the turf at Epsom and Derby, jockeys and members of the House of Commons, blacklegs and noblemen, meet and cheat each other on a footing of perfect equality. More fortunes and reputations are every year ruined at these noted places, than were ever sacrificed, in the same space of time, at the most noted gambling saloons of Paris. The cruelty to the poor animals is not the worst feature of this savage amusement; every species of knavery, every extravagance in the way of gambling, is practised without remorse. Drugs are given to the horses, or they are poisoned; jockeys are hired not to win, and various other expedients are used, by which the ignorant and the unwary are plundered. And among the participants in these nefarious transactions are the noblest personages in the land. These abominable games are not only tolerated, but favoured, by the laws; they are called the 'manly, rural sports of England.'"

Boxing is alleged to be another of our national sins.

"Two blackguards, stripped to the waist, and surrounded by their seconds and 'bottle-holders,' are put in the midst of a ring formed by blacklegs and noblemen, to pummel and bruise each other out of any vestige of human shape. The most noted of these bruisers, the one who is able to thrash all his fellows in the noble game, is called the champion of England. Such a brute might well be chosen to sustain the fantastic part of the personage who bears the same title at that mountebank show called a 'coronation.' In what estimation this sport is held appears from the fact, that, a few years ago, Gulley, one of the most notorious of these prize-fighters, was chosen a member of Parliament. At one of these encounters, between Tom Cribb and Molyneux, a negro, when the prize of victory was the 'championship,' after a battle of thirty-nine minutes, the poor black was carried senseless out of the ring, and the whole kingdom resounded with the praises of the victor. His engraved portrait appeared in all the print-shops; songs were indited in his honour, and his exploit was heralded in all the newspapers. And at this disgraceful scene, Lord Yarmouth, a senator, a diplomatist, and a statesman, was present, and, we believe, was one of the 'backers.'"

The reviewer then turns to the condition of our lower classes, drawing his materials from the reports of parliament and the various commissions, and an ugly picture it is. He notes the labour in mines, the fearful ignorance that prevails, the entire absence of any system of national education.

Ireland is, in the eyes of the American, as in the estimation of the whole world, an ever present witness against the claims of Englishmen to liberality and fair dealing.

"Of the tyrannical character of the English government, and the inhumanity of the people when engaged in war, the present condition and past history of Ireland afford the most melancholy proofs. Few pages in the annals of any nation are so deeply stained with blood as the records of the Irish rebellion of 1798. The North American savages might have learned a lesson from the atrocities practised on both sides,—by the insurgents, maddened by a long course of suffering and oppression, and by the troops and magistrates who were employed to put them down. 'Although no public act,' says Plowden, 'sanctioned the picketings, stranglings, floggings, and torturings to extort confessions, yet under the very eye of government, and with more than their tacit permission, were these outrages practised, in breach of the constitution, and in defiance of humanity and policy.' We learn from the same authority, that, three or four hours after an unsuccessful attack by the rebels on the town of Naas, where Lord Gosford commanded, the royal forces murdered fifty-seven persons out of a crowd in the streets; 'and many of them were shot when escaping from their huts, which were set on fire. Others were taken out of their houses, and instantly hanged in the street. Such was the brutal ferocity of some of the king's troops, that *they half roasted and ate of the flesh of one man, by the name of Walsh, who had not been in arms.*' After the battle at Vinegar Hill, a house used as a hospital by the rebels was set on fire, in which many sick and wounded were burned to death. One ingenious mode of torture was the application of a *pitched cap* to the head of a rebel, or *croppy*, as he was called, because the insurgent party wore their hair short. If one of these "roundheads," or a person having any part of his dress of a green colour, was seen in the streets, he was seized by the soldiers, and a cap made of coarse linen or strong brown paper, smeared with pitch on the inside, was put on his head, to which it adhered so firmly, that it could not be disengaged without laceration of the hair and skin.

"These barbarities, it is admitted, were practised reciprocally; though the most trustworthy historians assert, that "more cold blood was shed, more property destroyed, more houses burned, and more women abused by the troops, than by the insurgents." Parties of the former were sent out to scour the country, "who hunted, not unfrequently, with dogs, in the brakes, hedges, ditches, and woods, to spring any unfortunate peasant that might have concealed himself from the fury of these blood-hunters." The practice of shooting prisoners in cold blood, without trial, was quite common. At Carnew, twenty-eight prisoners were brought

out of the place of confinement, and deliberately shot by the yeomen; and at Dunlavin, thirty-four were shot without trial, and, among them, the informer, on whose evidence they were arrested. Every kind of mockery was practised, to enhance the bitterness of death. The rebel general, Murphy, "being a priest, was tauntingly desired to work miracles, scoffed at, and particularly insulted by a young officer, who went the length of offering indecent insult to his person; which so irritated his feelings, that, though on the brink of eternity, with his fist he knocked down the officer at a blow. He was then flagellated, and instantly hanged."

"The accounts of such atrocities must appear incredible; but we have not made a single statement that is not confirmed by Plowden, the able and faithful historian of Ireland. Let the reader remember that these acts were perpetrated within the lifetime of the present generation, in a Christian land, under a government that professes to be the most civilized, intelligent, just, and humane of any on the globe. We are not here reciting traditional tales of the cruelties practised in the contests of the Danish pirates and Norman invaders with the native painted barbarians of the island; we are not narrating the horrors of the war of extermination waged by the infidel Turks against the Greeks; we have simply culled a few facts from the history of Ireland under the administration of Cornwallis, Oastler, and Pitt. And these deeds were done by men who affected to shudder at the crimes of the first French revolution; who wept over the fate of the victims of the guillotine; who are now besieging all the Courts of Europe with importunities to put a stop to the slave-trade; and who lift up their voices in righteous indignation, when they hear that Lynch law has been occasionally practised in a frontier town in the backwoods of America, in order to drive some gamblers and horse jockeys out of the neighbourhood. What consistent humanity! What just, enlightened, and impartial philanthropists!"

The foreign policy of England is severely handled in a like strain of bitter satire, and Alison is cited in proof.

(To be continued.)

POLITICS.

A Substitute for Free Trade. By W. R. USHER. London, 1844. Ridgway.

THE dream of an amiable and imaginative mind. Mr. USHER proposes, as a panacea for all our social ills, that the whole country should be applied to tillage; that the stock should be fed in stalls (query, upon what food?), but that we should encourage the importation of cattle and salted meat from abroad (have we not done so, and none will come?), and also open our ports to every kind of food save corn (that is, exclude the commodity we most want). By this contrivance he thinks the necessity for repealing the Corn Laws might be avoided.

This project, with its million of comrades, must be dismissed to the Limbo of Vanities.

RELIGION.

A Sermon preached in behalf of the Magdalen Hospital. By the Rev. Archdeacon MANNING. London, 1844. Rivingtons.

AN eloquent plea for one of the most useful of the many charitable institutions of the metropolis. We learn that its utility is curtailed by the scantiness of its funds, and that a larger liberality on the part of the public would produce a vast extension of its benefits. In hope that some of our readers may be induced to answer it, we extract a pathetic passage, and recommend the entire discourse to the perusal of the pious:—

"The particular fall from which it is the design of this institution to raise our perishing fellow-creatures is one of the deadliest of all deadly sins. There is hardly any other that contains in it the principles of so many corruptions, both of the flesh and spirit; none on which so many phials of the

Divine wrath are poured out; none that have a surer doom: 'If any man defile the temple of God, him will God destroy.' As it is a sin of the deepest defilement, so is it one that is followed by both the intensest anguish and by the most fearful retribution. There is none that so scourges both body and soul, that so seals the earthly ruin and the eternal death of sinners, that inflicts such agonies of heart and conscience, and multiplies such unimagined sufferings and woes to persons, families, and homes. By what other sin is so much lost at one cast? What is so utterly destroyed as a fallen woman—so outcast, spurned, degraded? Tens of thousands whose childhood has been sheltered in pure and peaceful homes, in our green hamlets and happy villages, under the fostering love of parents, brothers, sisters, have, by one plunge into this vast haunt of impurity, sold themselves to be the prey of guilt, agony, and death. These are the inheritance of harlots. The pure and holy God is keen and terrible in avenging the violated laws of His kingdom. All the powers of death prey with a thousandfold intensity upon the carnal and impure: 'Death gnaweth upon them.' It is frightful, and almost beyond belief, that the average life of these miserable beings is by some put at ten, by some at four years. 'How suddenly do they consume away, perish, and come to a fearful end!' Were other ministers of death wanting, it would be enough that they are soul-struck, and waste away from within, with 'blindness and astonishment of heart.' In one hour, daughter, sister, wife, hath become that thing from which the fondest shrink; the very name of which they dare not utter. It is too horrible to look upon, or to fashion into speech.

"Surely there are no sinners so earnestly commended by the loving-kindness of our Lord to the pity and charity of Christians; for there are no sinners who by the usages of the world are so absolutely lost, so cast out of it sight, so abandoned to the bitterness of their own tormented soul. A fallen woman the world counts it righteous to forsake and scorn. Even her own kindred turn their backs, and shut the door of home upon her. None meet a harder judgment, or more unequal measures from the world. Great and deadly indeed their sin has been, and fearfully are they made to answer for it.

"None are to be pitied more; none are more sinned against. Even the most abandoned were once purer than the possessed being by whom they were betrayed. They were, perhaps, the weak and shrinking objects of temptation. It may be, some base superior, who held them in check by fear, awing them into crime; or the vile example of a mother, or the hateful trafficking of a parent, was their ruin.

"Multitudes may be said to perish against their will—decoyed or forced into the pit. Sometimes out of such beginnings, when the habit of inward chastity had as yet been hardly breathed upon, the whole is lost, and they are launched into a career of daring and reckless profligacy. Shame, fear, horror bar up their return. The drop has fallen; behind them is a gulf they cannot pass; retreat is all cut off. There seems now to be nothing left but to hurry onward unto death; to fling themselves headlong upon the whirlpool, that they may stun the recollection of purity, the very consciousness of guilt.

"God alone is witness of the groanings which are breathed unknown, and the burning tears which are shed in the very depths of impurity. What harrowing recollections of faces, dearly loved, last seen in anguish, of the fresh years of early childhood, and the hopes and joys and fair prospects of an innocent and gentle life all seared and blasted, come back upon them, in the hours of unholy revel, to be their mockery and torment! No eye but His can read the visions of home and happy days, which rise upon their desolate hearts in the tumult and darkness of these crowded streets, and the agonizing dreams of a blessedness no longer theirs, by which their broken sleep is haunted. None other but He can know what unutterable agony goes up by day and by night from the loathsome chambers and pestilential dens in which these homeless, hopeless, decaying mortals hide themselves in misery to die. And what a death is the death of an harlot!—when the baffled heart wanders in dreams of sickness to die in the home of its birth, and wakes up from the happiness of delirium to madden itself again in the sights and sounds which harass its miserable death-bed,—when the eye strains itself in vain for the vision of a mother's pitying face, and

the ear is sick with listening for the coming of brother, husband, child, whose footfall shall be heard never again! Then comes death; and after death, the judgment, and the great white throne on which He sitteth from whose face both heaven and earth shall flee away. Lamb of God, that takest away the sin of the world, have mercy upon them and upon us in that day?"

MISCELLANEOUS.

Facts and Fictions, illustrative of Oriental Character.

By Mrs. POSTANS, authoress of "Cutch," "Western India," &c. In three vols. London, 1844. Allen and Co.

THE greater portion of the papers comprised in these volumes were contributed by the authoress to *The Asiatic Journal*, with whose readers they were extremely popular. But, inasmuch as that excellent magazine is regularly perused but by a comparatively limited class in this country, and these facts and fictions are of universal interest, Mrs. POSTANS has ventured to offer them to the general public in a collected form; hoping that in this shape they may please as much as they did when they made their appearance in the pages of the parent journal; nor will she be disappointed.

Mrs. POSTANS explains, in her preface, the design of these narratives. She says that, having resided for many years in India, and become intimately acquainted with the manners of the people, the character of the scenery, and the customs and peculiarities of the country, she had expected that the European reader would take an interest in a faithful description of them.

But the attempt speedily shewed that she had judged erroneously. She found a prevailing apathy towards Eastern subjects, and "a very ill-concealed lack of sympathy" towards the people of the East. Bare facts would not win an audience, so she resolved to mingle them with fiction, employing the latter for the purpose of conveying the former. Hence, these volumes are to be read with the understanding that, though the incidents and plots of the tales are fictions altogether, or fictions founded on facts, in every instance the descriptions of accessories are strictly correct; and even in the arrangement of incident and the portraiture of character, verisimilitude has been observed.

The design thus explained, the work may be more fairly judged.

The volumes comprise many papers, various in their subject; some tales, some sketches from the life, some reminiscences of travel; and their merits are as various as their topics.

We must confess, that the *fictions* have not so much pleased us as the *facts*. This, however, is doubtless in great part the consequence of their Eastern dress, which is so entirely foreign to European tastes and habits, that it is difficult to sympathize with beings who talk on all occasions, even the most common-place, a language which we are wont to treat as arrant bombast. Perhaps, too, we have been accustomed so to associate Eastern names, scenery, and manners, with the mythology immortalized in those gorgeous fictions, the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments* and the *Tales of the Genii*, that we feel disappointment with any romance located in that dream-land which does not minister to the appetite for the wonderful. And the very facts with which the authoress verifies her fictions for the purpose of instruction serve rather to make them distasteful, by making more obvious the difference between the East of poetry and fable and the actual East; and it requires more philosophy than is possessed by ordinary persons to be wakened from a pleasing dream, without venting a malediction upon the disturber, however well-intentioned.

Again, we object, as a general rule, to the plan of teaching fact through fiction; it spoils both. We

do not like to be treated as children, and tempted to take medicine in a sweatmeat; it wounds our pride; and, in truth, the design is faulty in itself. One or the other must be spoiled in the process of amalgamation,—probably both. If the author squares his facts to the demands of his fiction, he cannot help deforming them a little, and if his conscience will not permit him to clip or expand his facts, he must mould his fiction to them, and inevitably give to the latter an air of constraint and stiffness, which is sure to be displeasing to the reader.

For instance, in the fiction with which the collection opens, "The Moslem's Daughter," a fact, communicated to Mrs. POSTANS by a friend, forms the basis of the story. In weaving the tale, she has endeavoured, as she states in a note, "to retain, as nearly as possible, the characteristic manners of the Moslem people." The plot illustrates a cruel Mohammedan custom, and the story is in itself a pathetic one. But half its effect is lost in the telling, because it is made the vehicle for something else, and the attention of the reader is distracted from the fate of *Raena*, in whom it ought to be absorbed, by the manifest endeavours to exhibit the manners of the people and the characteristics of the scenery.

The same fault, of course, runs through all the fictions; but, in justice to Mrs. POSTANS, it must be understood that we by no means prefer it as a special objection to *her* stories; it belongs to a numerous class, and it lies equally against them all.

On the other hand, she has many merits which in great measure compensate for this fundamental error. Her descriptions are graphic, though at times somewhat too minute, *effects* in writing, as in painting, being produced rather by a few bold strokes, conveying salient points, of which the imagination fills in the details, than by tedious styppling of every hue and shade. Her style is that of a practised writer, exhibiting great ease and more vigour than is usually found in the female pen. Now and then we have to complain of verbosity, and an over liberal use of epithets; but this is too common a fault with authors as with authoresses to challenge special observation.

We turn to her recollections of travel with greater pleasure. In such we have seldom found more pleasant company. She takes the reader with her as she goes; he sees what she sees, feels what she feels, partakes her emotions, her joys, her fears, her perils. It is as if he had himself dared the journey, and he must be dull indeed in whose mind there is not conjured up a clear, distinctly drawn, and brightly coloured picture of the place or person she is describing. Her style is peculiarly fitted for this species of composition, and there is so much of it in these three volumes that we long hesitated whether we ought not to class them rather under the department of Voyages and Travels than of Fiction. But, considering that there was enough of both to attract the lovers of both, and that it was the very work for the circulating library, we hoped it would more likely attract the notice of that important class of our readers, if recommended to them in that than in the other division of THE CRITIC; we first placed it there, but, on reconsideration, have transferred it to its present site.

But it is time to illustrate commentary by extract, and as the work is miscellaneous in its arrangements, so must be our selections. We have marked a multitude of interesting passages, to all of which we would fain give a place, but the claims of other books forbid more than a few gleanings, and even those few will compel us, contrary to custom, to return to the volumes in another number of THE CRITIC.

Her sketches of Native Indian society are extremely graphic.

THE HINDU.

"As the original son of the soil, the Hindu should rank first in my description, and he may be recognized by his slight,

graceful form, his white and simple garments, and a certain calm, subdued, and gentle expression, which distinguishes him as one among a conquered race, yoked alike by the Moslem and the Christian, yet peacefully serving all his task-masters. If he be a priest, a triple cord passes over his shoulder, a brazen water-vessel is in his hand, and the seal of caste upon his forehead; his head is shaven, his breast bare, and his countenance often deeply contemplative. If a soldier, his laugh is loud, his wit ready, his gait marked by a saucy swagger. On holy-days, he loves flowers and processions, chants songs of Krishna and Mahadevi, and sprinkles his otherwise soiled garments with turmeric and cinnabar. To his superior he is ever respectful and obedient; to his neighbour kind and friendly; always temperate, clean, and cheerful; he delights in old tales, and with an instinctive knowledge of character, loves nothing so much as to dilate on the talents, courage, acts, and peculiarities of his European leaders. If the Hindu be of the gentler rank, his manners are marked by mildness and dignity; a certain quiet air of self-respect governs his every word; his habits are pure and abstemious; and although perhaps uninformed, his faculties are capable of receiving any ideas that require the exercise of abstract reason; neither metaphysics nor mathematics are beyond his grasp, but he loves best ethics, and theorizes his religious tenets until both assimilate. As a merchant, wherever there is traffic, money to be made, a fortune to be gained, abroad or at home, in peace or in war, there may we find the Hindu; he loveth usury, yet bestoweth largely in charity; but he lendeth to the stranger, while he giveth to his own people. As a workman, the Hindu is ingenious in imitation, apt and clever; but he has little originality, and that little is shackled by custom; as did his father, so does he, and all innovation he utterly abhors. The Hindu, living on herbs and grain, is tenderly careful of all things that have life; yet his wives consume upon his grave, bulls and goats are his religious sacrifices, and his dead are burned out of his sight. His house is plain and unadorned, but his temples are quaint in design and gorgeous in decoration. His wife, who bears the water-vessel to the well, is laden with gold and silver bravery; oftentimes she is very lovely, too, gentle, and kindly; simple as the first of womankind, but in her simplicity very charming: unlearned she is, indeed, yet abundantly imaginative; still her fancy has no resting-place but in the superstitions of her people, and to her the air, the trees, the streams, the flowers, all breathe a mystic meaning. In literature, the Hindu has little of which to boast, and but a harsh and crabbed language; yet he loves much speaking, and when angry, words serve with him for blows."

Very different is the character and bearing of

THE MOSLEM.

"The Moslem, as the conqueror of the Hindu, next attracts attention—the haughty, overbearing Moslem. His ponderous turban, glossy beard, and flowing garments bespeak him as he is, full of self-esteem, effeminate, and proud. Instructed to disseminate his faith, yet knowing no means of conversion but the sword; as a noble he is fiercely bigoted; as a divine, he is too often grossly ignorant, and turning to his Koran, loves texts and dogmas, in lieu of tolerance and charity; while, as a man of learning, poetry and the inflated histories of his demigods usurp the place of useful knowledge. The Moslem is fond of compliment, cunningly-devised tales, showy garments, and intrigue of every description, shading foliage, and gaudily-coloured flowers. He is superlative in all things, in his improbable anecdotes, in his highly-tinted descriptions, in his own personal sense of importance, in the character of all that he may say or do. He delights in war, in the number and trappings of his horses, in the fineness of his arms and accoutrements, in the number and truculent bearing of his followers; the ordinances of his faith, in such as please him not, sit easily on his conscience; commanded to frequent ablution, even in health, he scruples not to use sand instead of water; forbidden to indulge in wine, he solaces himself with strong liqueurs; sworn to strict observance of the truth, none prevaricate so cunningly; and therefore, to speak leasing like a Persian, to be as dirty as a Sindhian, or to drink like a Belooche, are fair comparisons. The Moslem has a high sense of family honour, and this is often his strongest principle of action; if its call demands the sacrifice of all the gentle affections of his nature, it is yet unhesitatingly made, for he is stern and inflexible in purpose, holding as mere weakness all compassion towards the erring.

The Moslem women, too often the victims of this character, are usually handsome, shrewd, business-like, and clever, accustomed to abject submission to their lords, yet ruling with some authority in the sphere of their own power."

The hope of India lies, however, in a foreign race—

THE PARSEE.

"The Parsee, as a naturalized foreigner in Western India, next appears upon the scene, and presents one of its most interesting and attractive features, in connection with improvement generally, and an emancipation from the intolerance of custom. The Parsee may be recognized by his strong, muscular frame, his intelligent and animated countenance, a quick, active manner, with a business-like yet courteous address. His garments are of fine white cotton, remarkable for their spotless cleanliness, and his turban, whether of glazed chintz or fine muslin, according to the rank of the wearer, is pointed on the brow, and resembles an ancient head-dress, being probably the same as that worn by Zoroaster and his early disciples. The Parsee of rank is ambitious of imitating European manners, attends meetings of societies and schools, causes his sons to be instructed in the English language, and to acquire a knowledge of our classic authors. He is liberal both in his charities and his hospitality; he patronizes learned men, and is willing to stimulate improvements. His equipages and much of his household furniture are European; he encourages the public press; and, if wealthy, employs his capital in ship-building and merchandize; he is fond of acquiring knowledge of practical application, and will even travel far in its pursuit. Tolerant and liberal in all other things, and far in advance, as concerns civilization, of all his neighbours, the Parsee yet avoids all questions on the original history of his people, while, although holding his priests in contempt, and forcing them to a low rank in society, he is jealous in all that affects the privacy of his temples, and the sacred character of his country's worship. The Parsee gentlemen rank among the most beautiful of the women of India; their eminently fair complexions, rich and becoming costume, animated, yet graceful manner, afford them a high claim to admiration, while they are gradually attaining a degree of freedom very unusual in the East, being even now permitted, in many cases, to receive and return the visits of Europeans.

"The Parsee is rich in his entertainments, and lavish in expense; yet amid all the gorgeousness of a festive scene, he retains his usual simplicity of costume, which contrasts singularly with the scene around. The Parsee reverences greatness, but he stoops not to engage favour; cherishing independence, he is active for himself, and generous to others, while the greatest trait of barbarism which marks his usages is the exposure of his dead in the Towers of Silence, to be devoured by the loathsome vulture."

In a crowded bazaar a person familiar with the country would recognize each of these classes at a glance. Thus he would know them:—

"The dark, slightly-formed being, with bare shoulders and crimson turban, perspiring under the weight of a handsome palankeen, chanting in parts a wild chorus as he goes, to alleviate the labour; the water-seller, driving before him a fat bullock, adorned with bells and necklaces, and bearing a goat-skin that oozes refreshment to the thirsty ground as he moves along; the sepoy, pressing forward to parade, neat and careful in attire, cheerful and smiling in his aspect; the brahmin, slowly returning from his river ablutions towards the temple; the salesman, bearing baskets of grain to supply his stall; the musician and the dancing-girl; the fruit-seller and the toddy-drawer; the gold-worker and the weaver of fine muslin—all are Hindus, of various castes indeed, and different prejudices, but yet agreeing well in all that forms the great staple of opinion.

"The tall Persian, with glossy beard and flowing robes, snow-white turban and yellow slippers, who passes by with solemn gait and downcast eye, a Chinese writing-case in his slender hand, the symbol of his calling;—the swarthy Arab, with checked kerchief on his head, and goat's-hair cloak cast carelessly over his usual vest, hurrying forward to the stables, intent on some fresh trick of jockeyship;—the Borah, bearing a basket on his head, whence peep forth books, bridles, and perfumes, and followed by a train equally laden, to each of whom one small blanket suffices for attire;—the bustling ser-

vant, cheapening fowls and pomellows;—the sleek and portly gentleman, ambling by on a richly-caparisoned and well-fed mare, his African slave running swiftly forward to clear the way:—these are Mahomedans, and differ little but in rank.

"The native gentleman, simple in attire, but vigilant in observation, who dashes past in a well-appointed carriage of Long Acre build, accompanied by his youthful and intelligent-looking sons;—the portly domestic, bustling along, with a shining chintz turban, and a Chinese umbrella to protect him from the noontide sun; the fine-looking lads, strolling quietly along, each with his hand on his companion's shoulder, and a book beneath his arm;—the handsome children, with large black eyes, and skins almost fair enough for Europeans, that peep laughingly forth from the crimson hangings or the green venetians of a native carriage, drawn by a pair of sturdy and milk-white bullocks, adorned with embroidered housings and silver necklaces:—these are Parsees. The gentleman has probably left his country-house to consult a European lawyer in the town, while the children seek the environs, and the festive entertainment of a friend.

"Again; here and there appears, marked like a blot among the rest, a thin, sallow, back-haired being, with a round white hat, puckered trousers, yellow waistcoat, and gilt watch-guard; he carries in one hand a small switch, and in the other a little bundle tied in his checked handkerchief, smoking a cigar as he strolls along. By his side is a short, stout woman, with coarse but curling black hair on her otherwise uncovered head; a gay petticoat, somewhat short, a crimson shawl, and a necklace of large blue beads, form her costume:—these are Portuguese, and of the rank commonly encountered."

A visit to the Great St. Bernard is interesting; but we prefer those parts of the volumes which have more freshness for the English reader. In her description of "Poonah and its Neighbourhood," Mrs. POSTANS states that amateur theatricals are a favourite amusement with the soldiers stationed there.

AMATEUR ACTORS.

"Usually, the classical drama is chosen for representation; but sometimes original genius is brought out, under the fostering care of the stage-manager; and I remember one result of this in Poonah, which I am sure will never be forgotten by any one who was fortunate enough to have seen it. A soldier, who could neither read nor write, had dictated the drama to a friend, by whom it had been written down, and this composition was absolutely acted at the Poonah theatre, in *eleven* acts! the serio-comic performance being entitled the '*Parjured Lover*, or what the Deuce is the Matter with You?' It was brimful of horrors, after the manner of Mrs. Radcliffe, and the curtain dropped on seventeen dead bodies!"

In the same lively paper we find an anecdote of

AN AMAZON.

"The most remarkable circumstance that perhaps ever occurred under a native government, was the arrival of a European lady, desiring and gaining military service under the Poonah government, by whom she was long known as 'Jamal Khan,' and highly revered. This lady was the wife of a respectable barrister in Madras. From some extraordinary combination of circumstances, or a peculiar character of mind, somewhat similar, perhaps, to that which led Lady Hester Stanhope to desire the title of Queen of Palmyra, Mrs. Hall took the command of a battalion in the Nizam's service at Hyderabad, and, finding reason to dislike her position, came to Poonah, intending to take military service under the Peishwa; but a brahmin whom she implicitly trusted, proving unworthy of her confidence, Mrs. Hall caused him to be seized and beaten, under which punishment he died; and although her life was spared, in consideration of her being a woman and a stranger, she was incarcerated in one of the hill forts, near Poonah, until shortly before her death. She was handsome and courageous, and dressed in the Moslem fashion, with full trousers, a flowing vest, having a Damascus sword, and a plumed helmet, and was well spoken of, and liked. I have never heard of her having taken the field, but she was, no doubt, fully capable of doing so, and would have perhaps been as useful in exciting the troops as Joan of Arc; her sex and courage being well calculated to excite the superstitious reverence of the native soldiery."

At this moment events have given to English readers a great interest in SINDH. Our authoress has, therefore, introduced her recollections of a visit to that country, from which we shall take some of the most striking passages.

According to the account of Mrs. POSTANS, our conquest of this country will be a blessing to the inhabitants, who were writhing under the most intolerable tyranny, in proof of which read her adventure with

A SINDH MERCHANT.

"I was passing through the public room of the presidency at Shikarpoor one day, during the infliction on the Hindoos, which the British authority had no power to prevent, when a filthy man put his head close to mine, and whispered a polite greeting. Starting at the strange liberty taken by one who seemed of the very lowest class, I turned to look at the speaker, and amid the dirt grimed on his visage, and the stains on his coarse garments, recognized one of the richest merchants of the city, a man owning at least a lac of rupees, and remarkable generally for his clean appearance and rich attire—his gold bracelets, pearl ear-jewels, cashmere shawls, and richly-embroidered velvet slippers. This affectation of miserable poverty was to avoid the suspicion of wealth; but it availed little, for numerous spies were ever ready to give the required information."

Amid their dirt, their immoralities, their debasements, there is hope yet for the people of that country; they are passionately fond of flowers. They indulge in gardens. Here is a charming picture of

A GARDEN FETE IN SINDH.

"The great men of Sindh have a pleasant habit of giving morning entertainments in their gardens, and one of these, to which I was invited, I remember with particular pleasure. The garden to which we were 'bidden' belonged to the Cazi of Shikarpoor, a white-bearded old Moslem, whose administration on the 'bench' seemed much improved by his inhaling sweet odours, for it was his wont to repair daily to his garden, and sit for hours by a bed of flowers to inhale their sweetness; thus I have known him, when nothing else was in season, pay the same respect to a parterre of marigolds. We left our house for the Cazi's garden on the morning of the fete, soon after sunrise; and certainly if any hour is truly delightful in the East, it is this; a cool fresh breeze always plays among the shrubs and flowers, and every sweet blossom yields its natural fragrance until the burning sun fires the atmosphere, and all nature seems lulled to rest.

"There is a simplicity, too, about the people that is very pleasing, and the oldest and gravest anticipate the delights of fresh air and flowers as much as the youngest child that sports amongst them; and a Persian noble, who was a government prisoner, bewailed his fate so piteously in not being able to go to the *gulistan* (rose-garden) with the rest, that at length permission was given on his parole, and so excited was he with the promised pleasure, that, rising an hour after midnight, he sat, in robe and slippers, among some tall young crops that were round his prison, until dawn should bless him with its joys. The Shah-zadeh was not remarkable in his anxiety, for at sunrise the greater number of the inhabitants of the town were pouring out towards the garden, to the great impediment of the goats and buffaloes, who usually fill the gateways at this time, going forth for forage until the evening. It was a time of year, too, when the poppy-fields were in full bloom, and whole acres of land were covered with dark crimson and delicate white blossoms, while Sindhians were busily engaged in slitting the pods from whence the juice exudes, whose influence forms the earthly paradise of these Moslems. Arrived at the garden, which was surrounded by a low wall, to keep out the wild hogs, who are sad destroyers of your pleasure-grounds, we found the rippling water-courses bridged over for the convenience of those whose horses could not leap, and the large parterres of rose-bushes not denuded of their blossoms, as is usual at sunrise, but imparting fragrance to all around.

"The people of Sindh delight in roses, and large beds of rose-trees are cultivated entirely for the sale of the flowers: the sun robs them of their fragrance, and they are, therefore, clipped off before he rises; not being preserved in water, however, the stem is useless, and the blossoms are, therefore,

closely cropped, thrown into large baskets, taken to the bazaar, and sold by the pound to people who scatter them about their rooms and beds, distil them as a perfumed water for their *hubble-bubbles* (water-pipes), or dry them to pound with ingredients of the *goracco* (smoking-paste); they place them also in their turbans, and the women wear them as ear-ornaments. Ladies of character, however, seldom adopt this fashion, it being a favourite decoration of natch-women.

"The garden was crowded with people, and hundreds of horses and riding-camels, with their holiday trappings, were picketed under the trees, contrasting well with the rich foliage that surrounded them; and people not entitled by invitation to the *entrée* had made all sorts of excuses for following the grooms and retainers of the guests."

So few have found admittance into the mysteries of the harem, that our readers, both ladies and gentlemen, will be curious to hear our authoress's account of

A HAREM AT CAIRO.

"On leaving the churches, the consul's dragoman asked if I would like to see a Syrian harem, as he would conduct me to one belonging to a friend of his, if I wished it. The proposal was exactly that most pleasing to me, and his obliging offer was at once accepted. After walking through a number of damp solitary paths, or streets, as such ways are considered in Cairo, we came to a large door, secured with the strange wooden bolt which forms the common fastening. On this being opened from within, we entered a large handsome court, on which looked the windows of the apartments. The style of the Cairo houses is that called arabesque, and the windows are usually decorated with frames of richly-carved wood-work; but when this is not the case, they have stained glass, the effect of which is more beautiful. Ascending a flight of stone stairs, we came on a vestibule lighted with a lamp then burning, although windows were numerous and the time mid-day, and on marble slabs stood a tray of small water-vessels, each having a silver cover. From the apartment we entered a large saloon, with a raised divan, on which sat the mistress of the house, a handsome young woman, attired in the Syrian dress, which resembled that worn by the ladies at the theatre, the diamonds looking even more brilliant by sunlight, and an addition made of festoons of little chenille flowers, made at Constantinople, the great emporium of female decoration. After being seated, slave-girls, according to the invariable Cairo custom, brought in coffee, when I took the opportunity of asking the usual price of such possessions, and was told about twenty-five pounds, if the slave was educated as a household servant. Although the whole house was covered with fine matting, the young Syrian, when moving from room to room, mounted up on a pair of high wooden clogs, to protect her little yellow slippers, muslin trousers, and silk train from contamination, which amused me very much; but she assured me she had others, three feet in height, which she used without the least danger. On expressing my idea that the weight of her turban must be very great, she good-naturedly took off the whole affair, which is made up in the form worn, and as I expected, it was ponderous indeed. My new acquaintance, however, philosophically observed, that all depended on habit, and as that of wearing the *tarbouche* head-dress had grown with her, she was unconscious of its weight, and at night replaced it by one not much lighter. She was very kind and polite, and expressed a wish that I should visit her mother and sister, which I did, but saw little difference in the arrangements, except when shewn an apartment lined with marble, having a fountain in the centre, and divans round it, on which the male part of the family passed their evenings in chat and tobacco-smoke. I horrified the Syrian ladies very much by describing to them a Hindoo suttee, and one shrewdly asked, 'When the ladies died, what was endured by the husbands?' I answered this by explaining, that those who made laws generally protected themselves; at which they laughed."

All these have been gathered from the first volume alone, and they will render needless any apology for reserving the other volumes for a second notice.

REVIEWS OF UNPUBLISHED MSS.

Memoranda of a Continental Tour, Personal, Pictorial, and Political.

A FEW more extracts from this manuscript may amuse our readers.

The party, increased by the accession of the group described in the last extract, on early morning took their places in the steamer that crosses

THE LAKE OF LUCERNE.

"What beauty, what sublimity, what verdure, what barrenness, what glory, what gloom, what smiles, what frowns, what blaze of sunshine, what depth of shadow, what fertile shores, what barren and bare mountain granites, what pleasant bays, what forbidding creeks, what broad mirror-like waters, what narrow gorges, alternately present themselves to the admiring eye of the voyager as he sails round the Lake of Lucerne, the most varied, and in its scenery, though not in size, the most magnificent of the inland seas of Switzerland. The morning was admirably fitted to exhibit it in the most favourable aspect. The remnants of the great tempest of the preceding evening still lingered about the sky, but rent into huge black patches of cloud, between which bits of the blue heaven were visible here and there, and the sunbeams struggling through their torn sides, silvered their jagged edges and came down upon the lake, whose face was lit up with many spots of dazzling brightness, that made still more grim the shadows of the clouds as they travelled along. The heads of the surrounding mountains were hidden in masses of mist, little crags of which would ever and anon break away from the huge cloud-cap, and descending with slow and majestic fall would rest upon the shoulders of the giants they had crowned, and then gradually melt into air. The outlines of the most distant objects were distinct. The water was intensely green in the wake of the packet; the fishes sported around us in multitudes as we went.

"For a long time we sailed by shores covered with villages, gardens, and villas, rich in vineyards, orchards, and meadows, glowing with excess of green, so deep that it wore a purple tint. But suddenly there rose up before us a wall of rock through which the eye sought a passage in vain. Still the steamer was stretching straight for it, and it was with no small curiosity and wonder that we watched our pilot's movements. It was not until we were close upon the barrier that we beheld the rocks open and a zig-zag pathway of water lying before us, so narrow that some skill would be required to take us through it in safety.

"It was crossed, and what a scene presented itself. We had passed in a moment from the most smooth and lovely to the most wild and rugged region. A dark cloud was over us at the instant, and its blackness, reflected in the water, and the gloomy mountain sides that rose all around, embodied the awful picture of the portal of the gates fabled by the classic poets as conducting to the infernal regions. But a minute since and we were revelling in the beauty of a southern clime; now we were moving amidst the barren grandeur of Norwegian scenery. The change was more sudden and striking than any effected by the machinery of our theatres. It startled all of us, and produced an impression which will never be forgotten by those who felt it while life and memory exist. In this bay the mountains rose abruptly on either side, from unfathomed depths, perpendicularly from the water to the sky, here and there rent by commotions of some distant ages; and wherever there is a breach in their granite shoulders, a soil has been formed, and woods have sprung up, and grass grows, and cattle are feeding at heights where they can scarcely be seen from below, and a few chalets are scattered, and so along the entire shore patches of verdant pasture alternate with walls of the most barren rock, making up a spectacle which is said to have no rival in the world for all the elements of the grand and the picturesque.

"In one of these cliffs a small scar is visible. As you glide below, it seems no bigger than a man's head, as if an eagle had alighted upon some splinter of the rock and by the weight of its perch toppled it from its unsteady ledge into the lake. Yet was the cliff that fell from that spot no less than 1,200 feet in width, and its fall so agitated the water and lifted it into such huge waves, that five houses in the village of Sissigen,

distant from the shore a mile, were washed away, and eleven of their inhabitants drowned, and the swell was felt at Lucerne, more than twenty miles therefrom. So utterly are our notions of magnitude and distance confounded in these regions."

Landing at Fluelen, a village famous for cretinism and goitre, the party hired a voiture, and proceeded up the green and beautiful valley of the Recess, resting for a few minutes at *Altdorf*, to view the spot where tradition locates the scene of the shooting of the apple from his child's head by Tell. At *Amsteg* they dined, and here they first tasted

GOAT'S FLESH.

"Amid the various dishes served at our repast was one which my companions unanimously pronounced to be the best lamb they had ever eaten. It was certainly very good, but it struck me to be flesh of a lighter hue than ever I had seen lamb. At first I protested that it must be veal; but the joint was very uncalf-like, and I was compelled to abandon my own theory. Our host, being appealed to, informed us that it was kid. It was the first time that we had tasted it, but we all agreed that it was a dish worthy of introduction at English tables. It is as delicate a morsel as a sucking pig, which it much resembles in flavour."

Here commenced the pass of *St. Gotthard*, which our traveller describes as the most interesting of all he visited. The change from verdure to barrenness was very gradual.

THE PASS OF ST. GOTTHARD.

"As the way rose more steeply, the river was more noisy in its fall, and as we mounted higher and higher the scene became more wild. Now the pass narrowed into a ravine, from either side of which the cliffs rose straight above us, and often impending over our heads, and the huge masses of granite that were scattered about, and between which the road was often compelled to wind, betokened how many times there had been falls of little mountains from that black overhanging roof, and one huge fellow was pointed out to us as the Devil's Stone, tradition affirming that no mortal power could have hurled it from its height. The shrubs had grown scantier in number and shape, now the few that sprawled about were but skeletons, then they vanished altogether. The walnut and chestnut had shaded us in the valley below; they gave place to the oak, then to the fir, and now the last of those dwellers in high places was behind us. Now there was nothing to be seen but huge rocks, grey with lichens and dotted with clumps of grass growing out of crevices. Above, below, on either side of us, was barren stone, shattered into every fantastic shape the liveliest fancy could imagine, so piled in huge fragments, cliff upon cliff, that we could see only a small tract of sky above our heads, and the rocks amid the river ran to and fro, seeking a passage with a dashing that was the only sound that broke upon the strange and solemn solitude. 'How can we possibly scale such a defile as this?' was our simultaneous exclamation. Science has conquered greater difficulties. Behold how the engineer carries you, by a zig-zag path, now on one bank of the river, now on the other, as the mountain sides offer the easiest cutting. Mark with what skill he has constructed bridges over that foaming torrent. Pause upon them, and look up and down, and above, and below! What a scene of desolation! In your most fevered visions have you ever dreamed of such?"

"Somewhat of this kind were the remarks that passed from mouth to mouth as we went along; or, if not said, they were felt. The aspect of the day was in accord with the place and with the emotions it excited. For the last four or five miles of our journey it had rained heavily. The storm had ceased now, but the sky was black with clouds, and the dun hue of the heaven imparted an added gloom and a wilder desolation to the gloomy and desolate scene. Not a living creature was visible save our little party. The very birds that love solitude do not nestle here; the mountain goat could not glean a meal from these granites. From the bridge on which we stand we gaze down far into the abyss below, whose bottom is hidden by the spray of the descending water. Above, the crags ascend and tell how much more of the way is yet to be climbed. How one longs to sit here alone for an hour and feel the wonders of the place. But guides and *voituriers* are inexorable; horses will not wait; already they are half a mile in advance

of us. We must on, though often looking back, and often pausing to gaze around and mark the change of pictures produced by the altered groupings and combinations of the prominent objects of the scenery."

And then, magnificent spot!—

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

"Hark! I hear it now: surely it must be; that terrific roar; this growing grandeur of wildness and desolation where one would have thought it impossible that anything in this upper world could be more grandly wild and sublimely desolate than the spot whereon we had stood a few minutes past! There is a wall of rock right before us, rising perpendicularly, which must defy the most daring foot and the steadiest brain. Down its black shoulders there is a broad river of spray, through which I can discern, dimly traced, the outline of a bridge."

"Hurrah! there it is! Onward, friends, your steps are upon a spot that has witnessed the most terrible of strifes. In this narrow pass, on the brink of this abyss, the foaming waters below and armed bands of men, more pitiless, above, the Austrian and French armies met in mortal combat."

"Hurrah! we stand at length upon the *Devil's Bridge*. I hear nothing but the roar of the cataract; I see nothing but a cloud of spray. I look down into the abyss; it is a depth of gloom that makes one giddy to gaze upon. Above, the river, like a sheet of white foam, comes pouring down from the rocky height. Black barren crags hem it in on either side, with scarce room for the narrow roadway and the bed of the tumultuous torrent on its brink. Far as the eye can strain down into the gorge the same wilderness of horrors is visible. No life, not so much as a tree, or a shrub, or a straggling bramble, greets the traveller's gaze. I had paid homage to Nature in her loveliness amid the Paradise scenery of the Rhine, in her grandeur upon the summit of the Rhigi, and now I felt the influence of her desolate places, and worshipped the sublimity of her wildernesses."

If there be charm in contrast, how delightful must have been the scene upon which the travellers emerged from this region of desolation:—

THE VALLEY AND THE HOSPICE.

"Immediately after quitting this most magnificent spot, we entered a tunnel bored through the solid rock, against which the torrent sweeps; and then we emerged upon a scene, interesting in itself, but startling from its strange contrast with that which we had quitted but a moment past."

"Behold a green pastoral valley, with meadows of rich grass, and a peaceful stream, smiling in its journey amidst chalets, and gardens, and low trees, with herds of cattle upon its banks looking into the mirror of its face, where, if you peep, you will see the mountain tops that gird the vale reflecting their snows, which, even now, are tinged with the golden rays of the departing sun who has dispersed the clouds that had veiled him before. It is not that this valley is in itself so verdant as other valleys, but its sudden contrast gave it charms to our fancies that filled our bosoms with a sense of calm and rustic beauty. That smooth glad water is the self-same stream that, one hundred yards below, will be broken into foam, lashed to madness, fill the air with its angry roar, and go, shattered and discoloured, through the dreariest region to be found among its native mountains. Before us was the *Hospice of SAINT GOTTHARD*, grateful vision to our weary party. Here was our night's resting place, and hearty was our welcome by the intelligent, handsome, and amiable young man who presides over it as host. An ample supper was speedily provided, the prominent attraction of which was a dish of chamois, and, as appropriate to our Alpine station, it was critically discussed. I confess it to be more attractive from its rarity than for its intrinsic worth. It is an inferior venison; better than goat's flesh, but not so good as mutton; that is, so far as I could discover its flavour, for it is always served up in a gravy so acid that little taste save that of vinegar is perceptible."

"Our meal dispatched, we hastened to our beds, as an early hour was appointed for the renewal of our mountain journey."

And at this appropriate place the reader shall rest with the traveller.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTIONS.

The following important Treasury minute has been laid on the table of the House of Commons by Sir George Clerk, the Secretary of the Treasury:—

Sir Robert Peel submits to the board the expediency of requiring from the various scientific and charitable institutions for which grants of public money are annually made, reports of their proceedings and expenditure for the past year, in order that the Government and Parliament may be furnished with all requisite information before proceeding to the votes proposed for these several institutions.

The control exercised by Government over the expenditure of public departments cannot be applied to the same extent to institutions of this description; and objections have frequently been raised in Parliament to the continuance of grants, year after year, to scientific and other institutions, in the absence of all information with respect to their state and progress.

These objections have been partly met by inquiries instituted by committees of the House of Commons, and commissions appointed from time to time by the Government; particularly by the select committee in 1829, on the Irish Estimates, and the commission in 1842 on Charitable Institutions in Dublin; but it is very desirable that, in addition to periodical inquiries of this nature, a statement should be furnished annually of the progress made by each institution in carrying out the purposes for which it was created, and of the measures adopted to secure those benefits to the public, which form the strongest grounds for the continuance of grants of money.

My lords entirely approve of this suggestion. They are of opinion that claims upon the public purse for the support of literary and scientific as well as charitable institutions, can only be sustained where the utility of such institutions is proved, where their usefulness is rendered as extensive and as public as possible, where it is shewn that every possible exertion is made to defray necessary expenses by private contributions, where it is manifest that private means alone would be inadequate to their support, and where the strictest economy is observed in salaries and in all other expenses.

Unless these conditions are complied with, my lords can hardly feel themselves justified in proposing the continuance of those grants which the liberality of Parliament has hitherto made, and they desire that letters in conformity with the terms of this minute be addressed to the Secretary of State for the Home Department, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, the Committee of Council for Trade, the Commissioners of Woods, requesting them respectively to call upon those institutions for which the estimates are prepared under their directions, to furnish, as soon as possible after the close of each year, such a report of their proceedings as may shew to Parliament and to the country, just grounds for the grant of the aid required from the public towards their maintenance and support.

The reports should, in the case of hospitals, shew the number of patients admitted, the number discharged, and the number of deaths; the particulars of the income and expenditure, and of the measures taken to obtain for the institution the greatest possible amount of aid by private contributions.

In the case of scientific institutions, the same particulars with respect to income, and expenditure, and subscriptions, should be given, with a statement of any alteration made in the regulations with a view to giving advantages and facilities to the public, and of the number of visitors during the year, and other particulars, according to the system pursued by the British Museum, in the papers printed for Parliament, with their annual estimate.

In the case of institutions for purposes of education, the whole income and expenditure should likewise be stated, whether supplied from private sources or from grants of Parliament; the number of the students, the course of study, the professions for which the students are principally intended, and any alterations made during the year for the better management and regulation of the institution.

It will be desirable, in the first instance, that these statements and reports should be prepared for the past three years.

THE MANUSCRIPTS OF THE LATE DUKE OF SUSSEX.—

The sale of rare manuscripts forming the second portion of the library of the late Duke of Sussex, lately took place in the auction-rooms of Messrs. Evans and Son, Pall-mall. Owing to the extreme value and rarity of these several manuscripts, the sale excited an unusual degree of interest, the auction-room being much better attended than during the sale of the theological works. Among those present were, the Duke of Hamilton, Sir I. L. Goldsmid, Sir Frederick Madden, who purchased several of the manuscripts for the British Museum; Chevalier Hebelet, purchasing for the museum at Berlin; the Rev. Mr. Wilkes, &c. The number of lots disposed of was 139, of which the following, from their great

rarity, and the high prices they fetched, are deserving of notice:—Lot 37, *Biblia Sacra Latina*, MS. of the thirteenth century, with the royal arms of France on the sides, written on vellum, 15*l*. Lot 63, *Consiliaria Nicolao Donato*, instructions of the Doge of Venice to one of his governors, MS. upon vellum, with a painting representing the Crucifixion, &c. 9 guineas. Lot 68, *The Wonders of the Creation*, a natural history by Cazevina, in Persian, with rare paintings, a remarkably small and curious book, 10*l*. 15*s*. Lot 80, *Apocalypse—Exposition sur l'Apocalypse*, MS. of the fourteenth century, upon vellum, illustrated with seventy paintings and illuminated capitals; size, 10½ inches by 7, 28*l*. 10*s*. Lot 87, *Arms of all the Knights of the Garter*, from its first institution, emblazoned; this book is believed to have been commenced for William III. the names and titles of the knights being in Dutch. The late Duke of Sussex caused it to be continued to the Installation of the present Duke of Cleveland, by the late Sir W. Woods, &c., 13*l*. Lot 90, *Augustinus de Civitate Dei*, 2 vols.—a splendid manuscript of the fifteenth century, upon vellum, and written in the large missal character, with several portraits, formerly in the collection of the Rev. F. Williams, 33*l*. Lot 91, *S. Augustinus de Civitate Dei*—a most splendid manuscript of the fifteenth century, upon vellum; the title and first page of the book most elaborately painted, and the initials of each book beautifully illuminated in the Italian style, 39*l*. Lot 95, *Biblia Sacra Hebraica cum Punctis*, 2 vols.—an extraordinarily fine manuscript of the thirteenth century, upon vellum, formerly in the Meerman Library. At the end of vol. 2 is the following:—"J. Meyer, the son of Rabbi Jacob, the scribe, have finished this book for Rabbi Abraham, the 5052 year (1292), and he has bequeathed it to his children and his children's children for ever, amen, amen, amen, Selah. Be strong and strengthened. May this book not be damaged neither this day nor for ever, until the ass ascends the ladder." After this is a rude figure of an ass climbing a ladder. The possession of this rare book was spiritedly competed for; it was eventually knocked down to the Duke of Hamilton for 157*l*, which the auctioneer said was not more than half the price the late Duke of Sussex gave for it. Lot 97, *La Bible Moralisée traduite en Francoise*, MS. of the fifteenth century, upon vellum, with miniatures and illuminated initials, formerly in the Towneley collection, 28*l*. 10*s*. Lot 101, *Biblia Sacra Hebraica*, MS. of the fifteenth century, upon vellum, in the Italian character, 41*l*. Lot 101, *Biblia Sacra Hebraica*, written upon vellum in 1448, sold for 34*l*. 10*s*., being nearly 20*l*. less than the sum the duke gave for it. This splendid manuscript is said to have been taken out of the Vatican by Marshal Junot. Lot 107, *Biblia Sacra Latina*, with the Commentary, MS. of the thirteenth or fourteenth century, upon vellum, with illuminated letters, size 19 inches by 12½ inches, and formerly in Mr. Brockes's library, 61*l*. Lot 118, *Breviarum Romanum*; a most splendid MS. of the fifteenth century, upon vellum, bound in crimson velvet, 41*l*. 10*s*. Lots 120 to 126 consisted of *Burmese Manuscripts*, in the round character upon the leaves *Borassus flabelliformis*, which were bought by Sir F. Madden and Chevalier Hebelet, at prices ranging from one to three guineas. The principal purchasers were Sir I. L. Goldsmid, the Rev. Mr. Wilkes, and Messrs. Thorpe, Rodd, Bohn, &c. The sum realized by the day's sale was near 500*l*.

LORD BYRON'S MSS.—There is a rumour current in the literary circles, that the celebrated Countess Guiccioli, to whom Lord Byron bequeathed his manuscripts, is about to publish them.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—The senate of the University of London have recently come to the resolution of adopting academical costumes for the under-graduates and graduates of every degree conferred by that body. No collegiate dress has been hitherto worn by the members of this university.

The Paris papers announce the death, at the age of sixty-four, of one of the most distinguished and enterprising among the publishers of France—himself the translator of *Tacitus*—M. Pan-coucke.

Mr. Charles Dickens (Boz) has left town with his family, for Genoa, where he has taken a house, and purposes to make a residence of some months' duration in Italy.

MUSIC.

New Publications.

Songs of the Poets. Nos. 1 to 6. The Words from Milton, Shakspeare, Burns, Scott, Byron, and Goldsmith; the Melodies and Accompaniments by EDWARD J. LODER. Monro and May.

THE inanity and utter worthlessness of the verse in our days set to music must frequently have grieved all who take delight in this, the most attractive, and certainly

most generally cultivated, of the refined arts. Indeed, by far the most serious of the disadvantages which embarrass modern composers, is a difficulty of obtaining words that will suggest any ideas at all other than such as are ridiculous, weak, ill-chosen, or in some way objectionable. This thought, then, of "wedding music to immortal verse," we esteem a happy one, and only wonder that musicians, in the paucity of creditable song-writers at the present day, have not more frequently looked backwards, and rummaged for their sweets the neglected stores of ancient song. There exists a mine of unexplored and available wealth in our elder poets, as they will find who examine them. Well do we remember that, when reading the works of Ben Jonson some years ago, we met with many lyrics and other poems which struck us as being admirably adapted, both by sentiment and euphony, for musical expression. The writers of the Elizabethan age, especially, will reward a search. Of the songs before us, we can with justice to ourselves speak favourably. The composer, in most of them, seems to have caught the true spirit of the author, and he has embodied it felicitously. The melodies are sweet, graceful, and original; the accompaniments agreeably varied, and well adapted to sustain the voice, without anywhere becoming obtrusive. Unquestionably the finest song of the collection is "The Nightingale," by Milton. This has only need to be heard once to captivate the listener, and win its meed of admiration. The melody is delicious—quite worthy of Carey or Arne; and it bears a happy propriety to the sentiment of the well-known words. We heartily commend this collection to the attention of our readers.

MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT.

Maximilian Bohrer, the distinguished violoncellist, has just arrived in London from New York, after a professional tour of nearly two years in America, during which he has visited and performed at the following places:—New York (four times); Boston (twice); Philadelphia and Baltimore (each twice); Washington, Charleston, Savannah (three times); New Orleans, St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Saratoga Springs, Montreal, Quebec, Vera Cruz, and Mexico. It is said that the professor has collected on his route a number of curious and piquant native airs, which he has interwoven into those fantasias—his favourite form of composition—on which he displays his well-known powers on the violoncello.

ART.

THE most important event affecting Art which has occurred since our last report was the passing of a Bill for the legalization of Art-Unions by the House of Commons on Friday last, the Act having previously taken its course through the Upper House. To a large and meritorious class of artists this is a highly opportune and provident circumstance. The Committee of the Royal Academy and the "Society of British Artists" have considerably gathered together the unsold pictures of the season, and will keep them for some days on view for the selection of the prize-holders—who will be known by the time this number is published, as the general meeting for receiving the Report of the committee and drawing the prizes has been fixed for Tuesday, the 13th inst. One serious disadvantage awaits the prize-holders this year, through the suspension of the proceedings by the Government, which is, that the cream of the exhibitions has been pretty well cleared off before the opportunity was afforded them of making their selections. However, it is a great thing to have obtained the sanction of Parliament, as it puts out of question the recurrence of a similar ill-timed contingency for the future. We learn from an announcement in a morning paper that the first portion of the recently-discovered marbles, selected by Mr. Fellowes and his coadjutors in their survey of the noble ruins on the banks

of the Xanthus, have reached their destination, the British Museum. They are now being unpacked. It is intended, we hear, to place them in the western wing of that building, when it shall be ready to receive them. These marbles have been greatly praised, and will be looked for with no small interest by the admirers of Art. They form an important addition to the magnificent remains of ancient sculpture which already give dignity and a priceless value to our national Museum.

New Publications.

Twenty-two Designs in Outline, illustrative of the Pilgrim's Progress. By HENRY C. SELOUS, Esq. Engraved by HENRY MOSES.

To this magnificent series of designs was awarded the prize offered by the Committee of the Art-Union of London for the ten best illustrations of some epoch in British History, or the work of some English author. With a liberality of spirit which does him credit, proving him superior to mercenary considerations (since he could have turned the talent here given away to profitable account through the hands of publishers), the artist subsequently added to the number required in the conditions attached to the award of the money, twelve more designs not at all inferior to those he had previously submitted for the competition,—so, at least, we have been assured by competent judges, who, knowing each lot, had examined both.

Not since the issue of Flaxman's faultless outlines have we received from the hand of a British master so justly conceived and perfect a set of illustrations as that now before us. Indeed, had the great sculptor himself been a competitor for the prize, it is doubtful whether his outlines would have fulfilled the object which the committee hold in view so effectually as do these. His mind was so thoroughly wedded to the Grecian art, that it conceived nothing which did not take that form. But justly to appreciate the chaste beauty, the dignity and severity of Flaxman's designs, requires a taste in the highest degree cultivated, while that of most persons into whose hands the outlines would find their way, remains yet to be formed; consequently such parties need to have something given them which, while it elevates their notions of the beautiful, is not beyond their comprehension. And this, unquestionably is afforded by Mr. Selous's designs. There are other forms of excellence besides that which distinguishes the Greek art, and to one of the loftiest of them do these illustrations belong. We have been led to this comparison, because the only objection we remember to have heard made to this series of outlines is, that they have little of the classic severity which marks the works of Flaxman. Granted; but, under existing circumstances, they have that which fits them better for the noble purpose of disseminating a love for art, while at the same time they are even more powerful than his in exalting the standard of intellect among the people.

The qualities which the committee indicated as desirable in the works sent for competition were—"expression, beauty of form, and correct drawing;" in all of which these illustrations abound. They have, however, other and remarkable excellences. The presence of a prompt, fertile, and poetic imagination, is visible throughout them. Here are no plagiarisms, no self-repetitions, no short-comings; the artist does not see simply a head or a limb at a time, and from these painfully elaborate his picture; but the entire scene, as it should be, is present to the inward eye, and his hand must have been rapid and sure in fixing it on the paper. Corroboration of this may be found in Nos. 16, 17, and 18 of the designs. As regards composition, a fine artistic government prevails everywhere. Would any one witness the power of *lines*, let him examine (and we select almost at random) No. 2, *Christian departs on his Pilgrimage*. Dealing with abstractions, the artist has rightly conceived his subjects, and we have nothing unspiritualized; there is a propriety in the most fanciful accessory introduced, and his *intention*—rare circumstance with most illustrators—is nowhere mistakeable.

We strongly urge on the Committee of the Art-Union the desirability of disseminating yearly a series of designs under the same conditions as gave birth to the one now under review, even though it be at the risk of lessening the amount

usually expended in pictures; for we are convinced that greater advantage will accrue to the public, and eventually to Art, from the distribution of such illustrations as these, than may be hoped for from the award of a far greater number of low-class prizes than hitherto has been, or in future may be, allotted to their subscribers.

SCHOOL OF DESIGN.—We have sincere pleasure in announcing the appointment of Mr. Henry J. Townsend (whose masterly cartoon, *The Fight for the Beacon*, and other works, have spread wide his reputation) to the mastership of the Evening "School of Design, under sanction of the Government." So high is the opinion we entertain of the soundness of this artist's judgment and his general qualifications for the office, that we believe a more judicious selection could scarcely have been made.

THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

The following is an extract from the report of the committee appointed to inspect the works of decorative art exhibited in King-street, St. James's, in April and May, 1844:

"Your committee have examined the specimens of carved wood, and the designs relating to such specimens, which have been sent in by artists desirous of being employed in the decoration of the Houses of Parliament.

"Your committee have recorded their judgment respecting the comparative merit of many of the works in question, and respecting the nature of the employment for which the various artists whose works they have so noticed appear to be fitted. But not being at present in possession of sufficient information as to the extent to which wood-carving may be considered desirable in the Palace at Westminster, or as to the precise character of the works which may be required, they have thought it expedient in general to enumerate the names only, without further distinction of the artists whose works have received the commendation of the committee.

"In the department of wood-carving the artists so noticed in the detailed report of the committee are, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Ollett, Mr. Ringham, Mr. Freeman, Mr. Brown, and Mr. John Thomas.

"Among the artists in wood, Mr. Rogers did not comply with the terms announced in the notice put forth by the Commission, and his name has, therefore, not been inserted in the foregoing list. It is, however, the opinion of the committee, that among the carvers whose works have been exhibited he holds the first place; and they consider him as the person best qualified to be intrusted with those parts of the woodwork of the House of Lords in which great richness of effect and delicacy of execution are required.

"MAHON. "B. HAWES, Jun.
COLBORNE. GEORGE VIVIAN.
T. B. MACAULAY. THOMAS WYSE.

"The Commissioners having had reason to suppose that some of the persons who have exhibited works of decorative art may have employed other hands, or even the assistance of foreigners, in the execution of such works, have resolved that those persons who may be selected for employment in those branches of decoration shall, if the Commissioners think fit, be required to produce specimens of their art, to be completed under such conditions as the Commissioners may think necessary."

CHIT-CHAT ON ART.

FINE ARTS.—The celebrated painting by the late Mr. Meaphy of the Duke of Wellington in consultation with his officers previously to a general engagement, was yesterday sold by Foster and Sons to a dealer of the name of Keen, of Green-street, Leicester-square, at a sacrifice of eighty-five guineas. This picture is known not only by the fine engraving by Anker Smith, but by Mr. Meaphy having had the express commands of his late Majesty George the Fourth to complete this great national undertaking, and on which he was employed in Spain nearly three years.

We understand that previous to Sir Henry Hardinge's departure for India he gave several sittings to Mr. Lucas for his portrait, which was in its main parts completed at his departure. The portrait is destined for Sir Robert Peel's collection, by whose wish Sir Henry sat to the artist. The Premier seems

desirous of forming an extensive collection of the portraits of his political friends, for an eminent artist (Mr. Say) is at present employed in finishing the portraits of Lord Stanley and Sir Frederick Pollock (the learned Lord Chief Baron), those portraits being in a very forward state. The same artist has had instructions, also, for a portrait of the Attorney-General (Sir W. Follett), but owing to the indifferent health of that learned gentleman it may be said as yet to have only been prepared for the early stages of the artist's pencil. The right honourable baronet is already the possessor of the portraits of the late Earl of Liverpool, late Earl of Eldon, late Lord Stowell, the Right Hon. George Canning, Earl of Aberdeen, and Duke of Wellington, all by the late Sir Thomas Lawrence.

DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. WEBSTER.—The gentlemen connected with the Haymarket Theatre establishment, the comedians, authors, &c. have presented the lessee, Mr. B. Webster, with an elegant epergne, weighing eighty-five ounces, manufactured by Messrs. Emanuel, of Hanover-square, as a mark of their regard for his public and professional worth; for which Mr. Webster returned his sincere acknowledgments.

Mr. Henry Phillips is about to visit the United States. He sails on the 17th of August, in the *Victoria*, Captain Morgan. This is his first step to endeavour to amuse Brother Jonathan, and we think we can augur success.—*Sunday Times*.

The lessee of Drury-lane, Mr. Bunn, has arrived at Milan, to make engagements for the ensuing season at Drury-lane.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

LOVE AND POVERTY.

Pale Poverty met rosy Love

One morning in a church;

Love had a little snowy dove

Upon his finger's perch.

Quoth he, "We have been christened foes,

Know'st thou how such a tale arose?

But call thou at my radiant bower,

In any future hour,

And then the false-lipped world shall see

The worth of Love's philosophy,

And I will prove to thine and thee,

That Love can laugh at Poverty."

Saith Poverty, "Mark thou the bird

That keeps thy hand without a yoke,

It fluttered, and its white wings stirred

At what thy warm lip spoke.

I see its wish to fly away:

What is its name, I pray?"

Love slightly smiled, and said,—"It is

The ark-bird, typical of peace."

The dove would not be stilled or soothed,

Though Love his ruffled plumage smoothed,

Till with the parting words "good day,"

Grim Poverty stalked on his way.

Within a bower, 'neath summer skies,

Love sported with a woman's curls,

And, searching for a pair of pearls,

He peeped into her eyes.

Now toying, toying, on went Love,

Still on his finger perched the dove,

When pale as death itself could be,

In walked the wanderer Poverty.

Love played the more, and, drunk with bliss,

He shouted madly—"By this kiss,

Rich as the honeysuckle-bell,

And musical as air-stirred shell;

I swear that Love shall victor be!"

Then doubtfully smil'd Poverty.

Soon winter came, Love asked for fire,

But Poverty said "No;"

And though Love's torch did not expire,

It flickered at the blow.

Upon the sharp flints of the street

Love's children ran with naked feet,

And when he uttered "Clothe this woe!"

Still came the same eternal "No."

Love's children daily asked for bread,

And yet the frosty "No" was said.

At last one sweet child died,
And then Love cried;
It was the first white tear of sorrow,
And with the dew-drop-drinking morrow
Love's bird flew off and left him lonely,
The shadow of a being only.

E. H. BURRINGTON.

PETRARCH.

I've heard of one, who in the olden time,
Had wondrous power to move the tender-hearted,
A visionary bard, whose lays imparted
A new delight to love, e'en in that clime
Where passion woos her votaries to crime,
Merging all thought in one delicious feeling—
For he could image forth fair beings, stealing
From his deep musings on the face sublime
Of Nature, in her thrilling solitude,
Such visionings of beauty, that he wooed
With all a poet's ecstasy, a thing
The creature of his own imagining—
Men call it folly; yet I would that I
Could bind such shapes of love in chains of melody.

E.

GLEANINGS,
ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

THE BURNS FESTIVAL.—The Burns Festival is past. It was not, perhaps, all that everybody hoped, but still a striking and spirit-stirring event. The day, Tuesday last, opened brilliantly. The scene was a field near Ayr, on the banks of "bonnie Doon," and in the very midst of the place where Tam o' Shanter saw such sights. For the main body of diners, a pavilion calculated to accommodate two thousand persons was erected, and ornamented with flags; booths supplied the poorer visitors with refreshments. Early in the day, people flocked from all parts, in steamers, sailing-vessels, steam-carriages, on horseback, afoot. At eleven o'clock, they formed in long procession, at the Low Green, by the sea-side, and, headed by bands playing the airs of Burns's songs, marched to the field; where, led by professional singers, the whole company sang "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," and "Auld lang syne." Bands and bagpipes were then dispersed over the field, and dances were formed; while the pavilion-folks sat down to their banquet. The chief guests were Burns's relatives—his sons, Robert, lately in the Stamp-office at Somerset House; Colonel Burns, and Major Burns; and his sister, Mrs. Begg, with her son and two daughters. Mrs. Thompson, the "Jessie Lewars" of his verse, was also there, with her husband. The Earl of Eglintoun presided; Professor Wilson was croupier; Mr. Sheriff Alison and some leading Scotchmen were among those who came to render homage due; but of the eminent literary men invited from a distance few attended. The toasts of "The memory of Burns," and "Welcome home to the sons of Burns," were acknowledged, in plain and brief speeches, by Mr. Robert Burns, who pleasantly contrasted the modest obscurity of the children with the lustre of the father's fame; observing that genius, especially poetical genius, was not hereditary; and that in this case the mantle of Elijah had not descended upon Elisha. Before the feasting was over, the day was overcast, and at five o'clock the rain fell heavily. The guests parted at six, and each went his way, we doubt not, a wiser but not a sadder man.—*Spectator*.

THE NEW COLLEGE OF CHEMISTRY.—It has been long remarked as a very serious defect in the scientific establishments of this country that there is in existence no institution especially devoted to the study and practice of chemical science, similar to that of Giessen, presided over by the celebrated Professor Liebig; and that if the student desire to perfect himself in analysis and research, he must resort to the schools of the Continent. With the increasing appreciation of the powers and importance of chemistry as a science, and the daily extension of its practical application to all the useful arts, especially to agriculture, the deficiency has become more and more manifest; and we are happy to perceive that the first step has been taken towards supplying it by the establishment of a college or school where analysis and research are to be taught practically and systematically, and where the education of the scientific chemist can be completed at a moderate expense. A prospectus or proposal for founding such a college has been sent to us, from which we extract the following summary of the objects it is intended to embrace. First, a laboratory, as designed by Sir Humphrey Davy, and on the model of Giessen. Secondly, a college for the instruction of students, and for qualifying public lecturers and teachers. Thirdly, departments for the application of chemistry to especial purposes (as agriculture, geology, and mineralogy,

by the analysis of soils, rocks, &c.), to manufactures, medicine, physiology, and the arts. Fourthly, the employment of such means as may appear expedient for facilitating the pursuit of scientific chemistry throughout the country. These are national objects, and we shall rejoice to see them carried out to the fullest extent. The advantages to be derived from such an institution are so apparent that we need not enlarge upon them, and we cannot entertain a doubt of the public support being awarded to the undertaking. We may remark, that the list of the provisional council contains some of the first names in the country.

INDIA.—A wonder has lately arrived here in the shape of a Norwegian runner, who is about to attempt the discovery of the source of the White Nile on foot, and unattended. He expects to be absent from this only four months, and he is to go in a direct line, crossing deserts and swimming rivers. He runs a degree in twelve hours, and can go three days without food or water, by merely taking a dish or two of syrup of raspberries, of which he carries a small bottle; and when he does procure food a very moderate quantity will suffice, but when it is plentiful he eats enough for three days. This wonderful man carries with him only a map, a compass, and a Norwegian axe. He has already made some very wonderful journeys, having gone from Constantinople to Calcutta and back in fifty-nine days, for which the Sultan gave him 2,000 dollars; and from Paris to St. Petersburg in thirteen days. He has certificates from the authorities of Calcutta and St. Petersburg, verifying these very extraordinary facts. He is about forty-five years of age, and slightly made. He trusts for safety in perilous journeys to his speed, as he says neither dromedary nor man can overtake him.—*Indian paper*.

A Bombay paper of the 15th of July states that the cholera was raging dreadfully at Surat, hundreds dying daily.

SALE OF FOSSIL SAURIANS.—Messrs. Stevens lately submitted the extensive collection of *Lias Fossils* made by Mr. Hawkins, at Street, near Glastonbury, to public competition, which brought together a number of eminent geologists. A *Plesiosaurus* sold for 50*l.*; several specimens of the *Ichthyosaurus* sold at prices varying from 5*l.* to 16*l.* Apocronites, fish, ammonites, and others that were rare, produced great competition. Mr. Webster, Dr. Mantell, and Mr. Tennant, were the principal purchasers.

A BALLOON IN TURKEY.—CONSTANTINOPLE, July 10.—On Monday last we enjoyed the view of the ascension of Mr. Comaschi in his balloon. He alighted safely about forty miles off, in Asia, and the Turks can scarcely believe he was not lost on the way, as he had to cross the Sea of Marmora, and went to an enormous height before we lost sight of him. The Sultan, all the ministers, ambassadors, and half of the population of Constantinople, were collected to see him off. The plain of Halder Pasha was like an immense garden—parties of gaudily-dressed people in various colours, looking just like flower-beds. The Turks now, for the first time, believe that a man can trust himself in such a machine, and I dare say Mr. Comaschi will finish by taking up a few of them to prove that it is as comfortable a way of travelling as anything but a railroad, of which they have as feeble an idea.

AFFECTION OF BIRDS.—A day or two since a sparrow was caught in a trap set to catch vermin in a gentleman's garden in this town. A few minutes afterwards another sparrow was seen trying with all its might, by means of its bill, to drag the captured bird from its confinement, and was so intent upon its object, that only on its being touched by the hand did it fly away.—*Maidstone Journal*.

COFFEE ELECTRICITY.—Although it is not quite new, it is not generally known that a man may be literally and truly electrified with newly ground coffee. The manner of doing so was exhibited to the writer of this a few days ago at a shop in the new town. A large coffee-mill, driven by a steam-engine, was grinding coffee into a huge barrel. In the barrel stood a copper scoop, directly under the fall of the fresh-ground coffee. An iron rod being held within an inch or so of the copper scoop, an instantaneous flash of lightning, or stream of electric fluid, was attracted by the iron. The same result followed when the finger was employed instead of the rod, and a slight shock, like the puncture of a pin, was quite perceptible. By a rude contrivance, a shock was also communicated from the ground coffee to the tail of a cat, when off scampered the bewildered animal in a state of the most earnest astonishment. Altogether the matter is curious, and not beneath the attention of the philosopher. Can there be electricity in flour, oatmeal, or snuff? These are exposed to friction as well as coffee; and a test which proves the one to be genuine or the reverse may be useful with regard to the others too.—*Correspondent of the Scotsman*.

THE FIRST BELLS IN NEW SOUTH WALES.—(From a private letter, dated Dec. 31, 1843.)—This is a day to be remembered at Sydney as the first day that a regular peal of church

bells was ever heard in this colony. The Roman Catholic bishop has the honour of having been the first to introduce them. The bells were blessed and christened several days since, and the whole of this day they have caused much amusement and excitement to the Australian world, many of whom of course have never heard a merry peal of bells, and even up to this hour, eleven o'clock in the evening, they are still chiming away. *Midnight.*—I hear the Sydney bells ringing more loudly than ever. Ship bells, and bells of every size and description, are making as much clatter as they can in Sydney and in the harbour, and a few gongs are trying to drown the row of the bells. Oh, what a terrible uproar! Worse than the confusion of tongues in the Tower of Babel. Bells ringing, gongs roaring, guns firing, rockets flying in the air, dogs barking, and the mobility hurraing, all proclaim the hour of midnight, and thus the Sydneysites are ushering in the year 1844.

CAMPBELL AND ROGERS.—From a blank leaf in the *Curiosities of Literature*.—

"Campbell's no more; his elder, Rogers, lives;
Thus Hope departs, while Memory survives!"

FLORA MACDONALD.—From some letters rescued from a mass of waste paper, and lately published in the *Athenæum*, we learn that the story of a subscription to the amount of 1,500*l.* having been raised for Flora Macdonald by the Dowager Lady Primrose and her Jacobite friends, as alluded to by Lord Mahon in his *History of England*, is quite correct. These letters shew that 627*l.* was paid through Sir Cordwell Firebrace, and 800*l.* subsequently through a John Mackenzie, writer of the signet. One of these letters, so singularly brought to light, is in the heroine's own handwriting.

It is important to all invalids, and to all who wish not to be invalids, to know that castor oil may be most easily taken mingled with orange-juice, a little sugar being added to the juice if the orange be not ripe and sweet. The difference between this and any other mode of taking this valuable medicine is surprising.

The Earl of Chesterfield enacted, in his last will and testament, that every time his godson, Philip Stanhope, should indulge in racing, betting, or gambling of any kind, he should forfeit 5,000*l.*; and, in order that the penalty should be rigidly exacted, he gave it to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster!

Why do butchers always rob themselves?—Because they always steel their own knives.

Why ought the stars to be the best astronomers? Do you give it up? Because they have studied the heavens for more than six thousand years.

THE PROPER GENDER.—An Irish guide at Killarney, being asked why Echo was spoken of as a female, replied, "Maybe it's because the echo will always have the last word."

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

THE publishing season may be said to have closed. The retrospect of its productions is by no means flattering to the genius of Great Britain. It has given birth to few books likely to survive their generation.

We suspect that the cause of this dearth of good works is not so much the want of original talent in authors as the absence of that encouragement of it in the shape of pecuniary reward, without which even genius cannot thrive. Every year the circle of readers is enlarged; every year more and more books are bought; but the demand is not for fresh productions of mind, but for reprints of the writers of a past age or of foreign countries.

Wherefore is it so? Can there be a doubt? Is it not the consequence of the extravagant prices demanded for new books? Who will give a guinea and a half for three small volumes of a new novel, whatever its merit, while he can procure the reprint of an excellent old one, or of an American romance, or of a translation from the French, for some two or three shillings? And so it is with works of a loftier class. Buyers will compare prices by size, without taking other circumstances into account; they will hesitate to give a guinea for a volume of the best modern history or the most profound treatise on philosophy, when they can procure as much reading of the same kind, and possibly of greater merit, for five shillings. Hence it is, we believe, that, year by year, the difficulty

of disposing of a new publication increases, and fewer original works are written now than when readers were not one-fifth so numerous.

The remedy for this great and growing evil is obvious. New works must be offered at prices which will compete with old ones. It is true, that the former are not burdened with the cost of copyright. But it is not necessary that the prices of new and old works should be precisely the same, only that they should bear some reasonable proportion; for few would hesitate to give somewhat more for a new and original work than for a reprint, and the increased sale would, we are satisfied, in the case of all works of real worth, more than remunerate the reduction of price.

The mention of the publishing season reminds us of the strange custom of making that the season for bringing out books in which books are least read. It is in the autumn, when the evenings lengthen, that the mass of the community become readers, while those who make it their business to cater for the mental appetite spread their stores in the spring and summer, when people have the least leisure to look at them, and they cease to exhibit just when the demand is about to begin. This absurdity is the consequence of an error into which London publishers fall, in common with most men of business in the metropolis. They appear to think that London is the world, and to be oblivious of any thing beyond it. Because the London season of gaiety ends in July, they imagine that the season for book-buying has passed with it. But, in truth, London comprises the fewest of the reading world. London is not a reading nor a book-buying place, because its inhabitants have so many other occupations. The reading community is to be found, for the most part, in the provinces, and they begin to want books at the very moment when the publishers do not supply them.

We are convinced that if any publisher would have the courage to make the autumn his season instead of the spring, he would find his advantage in the change. And if all publishers would remember that they must look for the majority of their customers in the country, and not in the metropolis, they would bring out their best books at more seasonable times, and circulate a knowledge of them by more efficient and economical means than they now adopt. But these and other important topics connected with publishing and bookselling will form the subjects of many future discussions in the columns of THE CRITIC.

We shall be glad to receive the correspondence of experienced authors, publishers, and booksellers, on any matters affecting their various interests, and attention will be paid to suggestions of aught that would be deemed a useful addition to the information which it is the design of THE CRITIC to collect under the title of the *Booksellers' Circular*.

BOOKSELLERS' PROVIDENT RETREAT.—John Dickenson, esq. of Abbott's-hill, Herts, has with great liberality given a plot of ground, of about three acres in extent, situated on his estate, to this excellent institution. The ground lies between King's Langley and Abbott's Langley, and is admirably located for the houses which the managing committee of this body intend to build for decayed booksellers, their widows, and assistants.—*Literary Gazette*.

BOOKSELLERS AND THE LATE HOUR SYSTEM.—We have received a copy of a memorial, which has been sent to upwards of 600 booksellers of London and Westminster, and signed by upwards of 400 assistants, respectfully urging upon them the many advantages of closing business at seven o'clock throughout the year. The memorial is excellently drawn up, and we hope it will make its due impression. One argument—of the *ad pecuniam* style—must, we think, prove irresistible. Its pith is contained in the following truism:—"Booksellers live by the sale of books; and the sale of books is regulated by the tastes and opportunities of the people for reading." It is unnecessary to add how much the late hour system is necessarily opposed to the latter.